

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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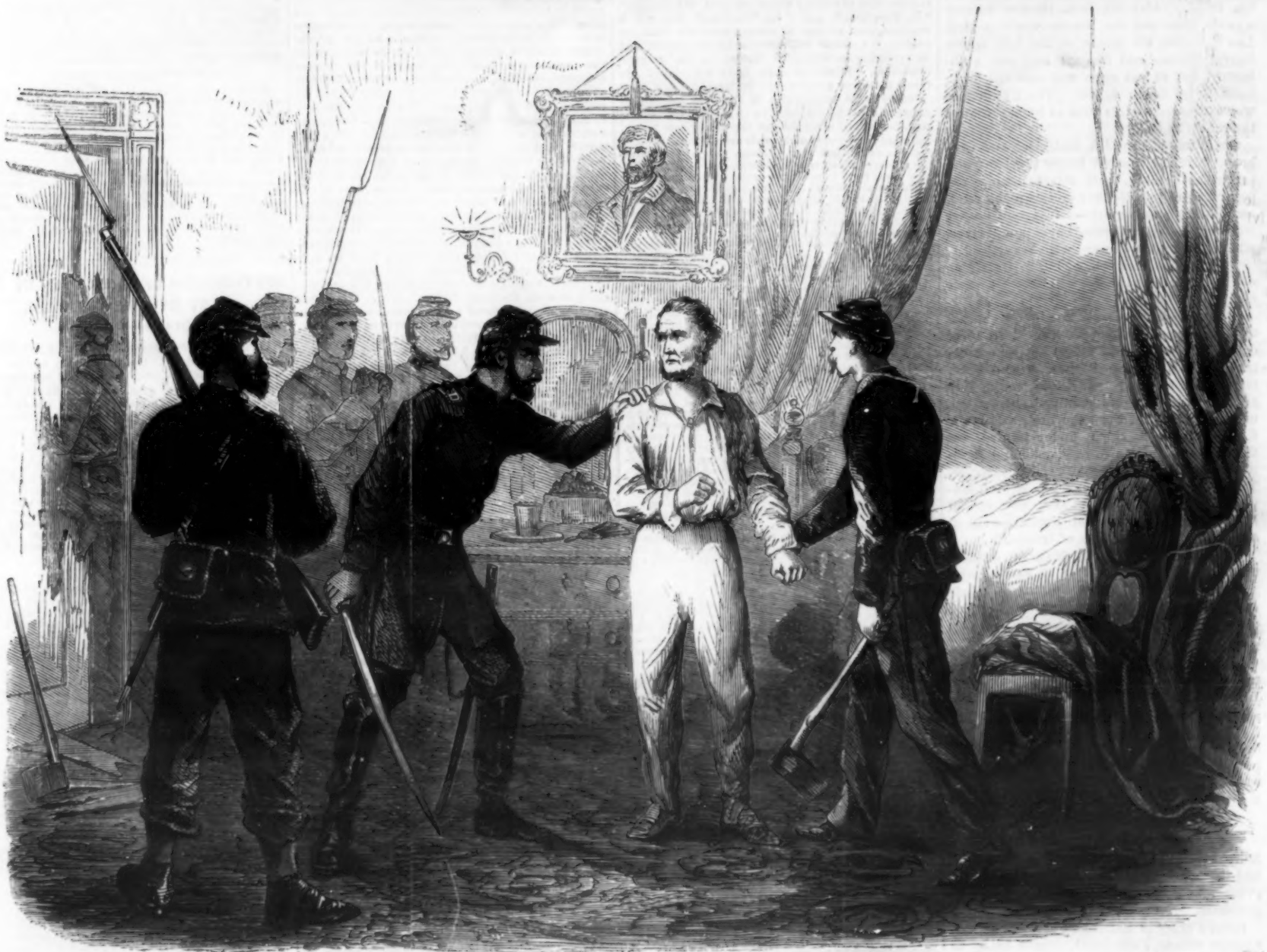
[PRICE 8 CENTS.]



THE PONTOONS CARRIED BY REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS.



GENERAL HOOKER AT THE CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.



ARREST OF HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM, AT DAYTON, OHIO, MAY 5.—SEE PAGE 130.

Barnum's American Museum. EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.

LITTLE MINNIE WARREN, the Em-press of Beauty, sister of Mrs. General Tom Thumb, only 25 inches high and weighing but 19 pounds, is to be seen at all hours, with COM. NITT, and other curiosities. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Hooker's main army, after crossing the Rappahannock advanced to Chancellorsville, while Gen. Stoneman and his cavalry pushed on to destroy Lee's railroad communication with Richmond. On Monday, May 1, Sykes with his regulars drove Anderson's rebel corps from two successive ridges, but was recalled by Gen. Hooker, and was in turn assailed, but held his ground.

The enemy then opened a road in front of the Union line, and on Saturday, May 2d, pushed across in front of Hooker's army to crush his right wing. Hooker discovering this, sent Sickles forward, who cut Jackson's line and captured many prisoners, but that General threw his forces on General Howard's eleventh army corps. Schurz's division gave way almost instantly, and nearly the whole corps fell back. Hooker, however, brought up Gen. Berry with the second division of the third corps, which checked the enemy's advances. During the night Gen. Ward with his brigade made a tremendous attack on the enemy, driving him back and retaking the guns lost. On Sunday, May 3d, Gen. Hooker formed a new line, and the battle was renewed, Lee throwing his forces on the left, where Berry, Sickles and Slocum held out stubbornly, but at last gave way and fell back, Gen. Berry being killed. The Union loss was estimated at this time at 10,000, that of the rebels 25,000.

On Monday, May 4th, Sedgwick and Gibbons, who had crossed below the town and taken the heights, were attacked while endeavoring to join Hooker on the plank road, and having been separated from each other were compelled to retire beyond the river, which they at last effected with heavy loss.

On Tuesday, May 5th, owing to the rising of the river, Gen. Hooker withdrew his whole army to Falmouth.

After Hooker crossed the Rappahannock Gen. Stoneman divided his force into three columns. The first, under his own command, destroyed the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad at Hanover Junction and down almost to Richmond. The second, under Averill, destroyed the bridge over the Rapidan, and the third, under Buford, cut the railroad between Gordonsville and Richmond, and Gordonsville and Charlottesville. These movements, though too late to prevent Longstreet joining Lee, cut off all further relief and spread consternation in Richmond, then destitute of troops.

May 2d Gen. Getty, of Peck's army, crossed the Nansemond, and drove in the enemy's pickets, and after a sharp action routed their main body, which retreated, leaving 200 dead on the field.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the 6th a brilliant cavalry skirmish took place near Strasburg, the 12th and 13th Pennsylvania cavalry distinguishing themselves.

On the 27th of April the rebel General Imboden attacked and repulsed Gen. Mulligan near Morgantown, and destroyed the railroad bridge over the Monongahela at Fairmount, and at the last date is still at Weston.

MISSOURI.

The latest news from this State represents Marmaduke as repulsed at Cape Girardeau and driven into Arkansas, but that Gen. Price was preparing for a new invasion of Missouri.

Blunt's army of Kansas and Nebraska volunteers was at Fort Scott, nearly ready to start, and he reports a defeat of the enemy

at Weber Falls, I. T., on April 24th, by Col. Phillips.

ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Col. Grierson, of the 7th Illinois, on the 17th of April set out with his own regiment, the 6th Illinois, and 2d Iowa cavalry, and dashed through Pontotoc, Houston, Meridian and Okolona, destroying railroad communication, rebel stores, ammunition, and defeating, on the 25th, a rebel force under Col. Bartow.

Similar expeditions were conducted with success by Col. Dodge, who fought Forrest at Tusculum on the 28th of April, though Forrest, after a series of fights, captured Col. Sleight at Cedar Bluffs.

A signal success has crowned the operations of Admiral Porter's fleet at Grand Gulf, Mississippi. On the 29th of April he attacked the formidable batteries of the rebels, and after a fight of five hours and a half silenced all but the highest one, a strongly built work, with guns of very heavy calibre. Even this was so handled that it fired feebly, and the transports passed unassailed. The Benton, Tusculum and Pittsburg were severely injured, and lost 24 killed, 5 wounded.

He returned on May 3d, to renew the attack, but found the works deserted, guns spiked and ammunition blown up. The works were completely torn to pieces. Col. Wade, the commander, and his chief of staff, were both killed. Most of the garrison in their flight was captured by Gen. Grant, who had landed his troops at Boulinsburg on April 30th. From that point he moved immediately on Port Gibson, and four miles from that place met the enemy, 11,000 strong, and after a fight, which lasted nearly all day, routed him, with immense loss. Grant's casualties, 100 killed and 500 wounded.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

It is with profound pleasure that we announce the re-appearance of the Sun, after a Continental tour of six days, during which time it left our army so completely in the dark that the commanding General could not find his way to Richmond. The return of the Sun will, undoubtedly, make the summer season fervidly brilliant. We have had a wet but hearty welcome for our returning soldiers, wet operas, wet comedies, and we can say without reservation, that a spirit of universal dampness prevailed.

The new opera of "Aroldo," though not one of Verdi's most taking works, contains many striking and clever pieces, which the audience seized upon at once and vociferously cheered. Some of the arias are of marked character, but there is a want of that spontaneous flow of melody which prevails in "Ernani," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," and which stamped them at once as leading favorites with the public. "Aroldo" will always be acceptable, and may become an attractive feature in the operatic repertoire. Mazzolini sang most admirably. He threw his whole soul into the performance, and acted as finely as he sang, which is about as unqualified praise as could be bestowed on an artist. Bellini was also earnest and admirable as the old Saxon Noble, and sang throughout with spirit and effect, especially his aria in the last act. Signora Brignoli rendered her music unexceptionably in style and taste, lacking only vocal force to make her every way acceptable.

The establishment of a fine English Opera Company, complete in all its departments, is not by any means abandoned. Mr. Harrison, of Irving Hall, has still the matter in hand, and is only waiting a favorable opportunity.

The annual Concert of Theodore Thomas, at Irving Hall, on Saturday last, was a great success as a performance, and will perhaps prove a fair money success. To pay for the risk and the labor of the undertaking it should have yielded a graceful thousand dollars' profit. The programme was throughout admirably rendered. D'Angri sang finely, and Mills interpreted the "Polonaise" of Chopin with rare judgment and with a precision and equality which cannot be excelled. The leading point of the programme was of course the "Harold Symphony" by Hector Berlioz—a work which is, of all his compositions, supposed to be the most coherent and intelligible. The plan is certainly bold and original. The personal identity of Harold is preserved from the beginning to the end—the solo "Viola" representing the hero, while the rest of the orchestra represents the tone-pictures of his career. It is a strong thought, and is carried out with wonderful ingenuity and with a breadth of effect that showed how thoroughly Berlioz had grasped the salient points of the idea. To analyze a work of this class would occupy more space than we devote to a multitude of subjects, and to criticize it would require no less space; we can, therefore, only say that it was ably interpreted by Mr. Thomas; he had studied its characteristics, had probed its subtle sentiments and read it with an understanding that laid the whole plan bare. It was no light labor; only an earnest and conscientious musician would have ventured to unravel the complications of such a score, and it seems to us a great pity that all this labor should have been thrown away upon one performance. Is there no possible combination by which it can be given again? Let the effort be made, for we think that the public interest is sufficiently aroused to warrant its repetition.

The second of Signor Barilli's amateur Concerts came off on Thursday evening last with great eclat, reflecting alike great credit on master and pupils. Irving Hall was crowded on the occasion with the elite of New York, and the ladies paid Signor Barilli the well-merited compliment of appearing in full evening dress. The programme was admirably selected, every movement being adapted to the voices of the performers. Where all did so well it is almost invidious to particularize, still we cannot help referring in terms of the highest praise to our favorites of last winter, Mesdames Farnham and Van Zandt, who, naturally possessed of voices of great scope and sweetness, have been developed by Signor Barilli's admirable mode of instruction into artists who could vie successfully with the most admired professionals. The event of the evening was the polacca from "Paritani," in which Mrs. Farnham assisted, ably supported by Miss Gamble and Messrs. Voelden and Yarnum. Mr. Russell Glover's lovely voice and admirable method were never displayed to greater advantage than when rendering the romanza from "Elizire d'Amore," when he awoke a sympathetic thrill in the breasts of all his auditors. One exquisite melody by Barilli, "Angelina," was sweetly sung by Miss Louisa Myers, a young lady of great promise. We must not omit to refer to Mr. A. Voelden's efforts, who electrified the audience on several occasions, particularly so in an aria from Barilli's

opera, "Cerrado di Monferato." We cannot but congratulate both the maestro and pupils who have by some piece of good fortune been brought together, as with his extraordinary natural gifts Barilli cannot fail to render Mr. Voelden one of the greatest of tenors, while at the same time increasing his own reputation as among the most conscientious and successful of instructors.

The benefit of Mr. Theodore Moss, the popular treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, was a brilliant success. He should have enlarged the theatre for the occasion.

Lester Wallack's benefit was of course a splendid success. He is so great a favorite that the mere announcement of his benefit is the signal for every seat to be secured in advance. The new comedy "Lost and Won" was a fair success. It is a neat adaptation from the French, has spirit and a somewhat ingenious plot, but its moral is sufficiently Frenchy to be exactly no moral at all. This week is devoted to a splendid series of plays and comedies.

The Laura Keane dynasty has, we regret to say, ceased to exist, and Mrs. English, of Boston, has taken the reins of management. She commences this week with the great Troupe St. Denis, from La Scala Theatre, Milan. The beautiful Rosita, the Queen of the Rope, and the extraordinary pantomimists, Agout and Caran, will appear; and the new trick pantomime, "La Fie Adeline," will be performed by the whole strength of the company. We expect this troupe will be as attractive as was the Ravel family of old.

Miss Bateman has commenced a farewell engagement at Niblo's Garden, and is attracting overflowing audiences. The public have fully awakened to a knowledge of her surpassing excellence, and the fact of her speedy departure has excited an intense desire to witness her performance. All who had not seen her rush to see her now, and every seat is engaged night after night in advance. From the first we predicted her success. We recognized her genius, we acknowledged her power, and we knew that the world would bow at her feet after a little while. It has come to pass sooner than we expected, but it has not come before it was deserved. She has no rival on the American stage, and we doubt if she will find her equal in Europe. We shall regret to lose her, but we shall find consolation in reading of her triumphs in the capitals of the Old World, which she will take by storm. Miss Bateman will perform her great character of Leah every night this week.

Mr. J. S. Clarke has made a great hit in Planché's new comic drama, "He's Jack Shepherd," which is truly a roaring piece of fun. In "Paul Pry," too, he has made a marked success. These two pieces will be played this week. Mr. Clarke's genuine comic talent is now fully recognized, and his performances were sufficiently attractive to draw large audiences at Winter Garden through all the horrible storms of last week.

Barnum's Baby Show is now in full cry, and thousands of mothers, like keen-scented hounds, are bound to see if their babies at home don't beat all the show-babies in the world. The interest in this affair is universal, as will readily be believed by those who see the throngs of people crowding every avenue to the Museum. We would not be one of those babies for a week's receipts—and that's a big amount. The popular acting in the lecture-room goes on after noon and evening, and all the countless curiosities of the Museum are exhibited as heretofore. It is a wonderful amount of amusement for the money.

THE FOIBLES OF GENIUS.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the age is the greater common sense which dictates our judgment of that strange class of beings called authors. For ages poets had been regarded as a species of "irresponsible beings," who were under the influence of a demon which they could not control. A respectable poet, such as Shakespeare, was considered almost a *lusus nature*; and even he, in his plays, now and then threw the mantle of the *mens divinior* over some of his most scampish characters. How tenderly he deals with Falstaff, a man who set all the courts of law at defiance, and had the measureless impudence—or, as Leigh Hunt terms it, the "divine audacity"—to ask one Lord Chief Justice to lend him a thousand pounds, and another to become his bail for robbing the king's exchequer. The most gratifying circumstance in Shakespeare's biography—to speak as a respectable man—is the last recorded fact of his life, namely, that he sued a man for a quarter of malt. We dare say the man thought that because he was a poet he would not expect to be paid, since in those days poets never paid anybody. Every lover of the Divine Dollar will admit that Shakespeare's dying worth ten thousand pounds—a large sum in those days—is more to his credit than writing "Hamlet" or "Othello." As a proof of the halo of scampishness which had settled upon the author's brow we may mention that even Dr. Johnson, rigid moralist as he was, used to chuckle over the idea that Oliver Goldsmith died ten thousand dollars in debt. When this was told to "Old Sam" he exclaimed, with curious wonder, "Was ever poet trusted so before?" Now, however, things are different. Silly gossip may joke about Narcissus paying his tradesmen off alphabetically, and telling a man named Young that if he lived long enough he would be paid, but owing candidly that at that moment he had not yet got into the A's; but nevertheless, tailors do not consider it an honor to be swindled even by the great of living lyric poets, or a dramatist great as Bourcelault. We live in an age where twice two are four, and where the dollar is the only legal tender.

In love matters also poets are obliged to be circumspect. If a Lord Byron leaves his wife and adopts a Countess Guiccioli he has to give up decent society and content himself with his club. Who would now stand Goethe's Platonic latitude? Although that heavy German began innocently enough, as the following quotation from G. L. Lewes's life will show:

"He was not quite fifteen when Gretchen, the sister of one of his disreputable companions, first agitated his imagination with her charms. The story is told in a rambling way in the Autobiography, and may here be very briefly dismissed. He had often turned his poetical talents to practical purposes—namely, writing wedding and funeral verses, the produce of which went in joyous feasts. He was thus almost daily thrown with Gretchen; but she, though kind, treated him as a child, and never permitted the slightest familiarity.

"A merry life they led, in picnics and pleasure bounties; and the coronation of the Kaiser Joseph II. was the occasion of increased festivity. Some of the joyous companions had been guilty of nefarious practices, such as forgeries of documents. His friend and Gretchen were involved in the accusation, though falsely. Goethe had to undergo a severe investigation, which, as he was perfectly innocent, did not much afflict him; but an affliction came out of the investigation, for Gretchen in her deposition concerning him said, 'I will not deny that I have often seen him, and seen him with pleasure, but I treated him as a child, and my affection for him was merely that of a sister.' His exasperation may be imagined. A boy aspiring to the dignity of manhood knows few things more galling than to be treated as a boy by the girl whom he has honored with his homage. He suffered greatly at this destruction of his romance; nightly was his pillow wet with tears; food became repugnant to him; life had no more an object."

Let us in conclusion thank our stars that men of genius have died out with the Mastodon and Megatherium, and that respectable Dulness reigns in their stead.

THE ARREST OF THE HON. CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a sketch of an event which has caused great excitement at Dayton, Ohio, where Mr. Vallandigham resides. It appears that early on the morning of the 5th of May a detachment of soldiers sent by Gen. Burnside travelled by a special train from Cincinnati to Dayton, with an order to arrest Mr. Vallandigham. The soldiers were obliged to batter down two or three doors of his house before they reached him. His friends rang the fire bells, and an attempt was made by the people to rescue him, without success. The mob then proceeded to the Dayton Journal office and set it on fire, remaining on the spot till it was entirely consumed. The telegraph wires were also cut. The damage by fire amounted to \$40,000. Mr. Vallandigham was taken to Cincinnati, where an inquiry was held, but the result has not been made public.

The official charges against him are: That on or about the 1st of May, at Mount Vernon, Ohio, he publicly addressed a large meeting of citizens, declaring that the present war is an injurious, cruel and unnecessary war—not a war not being waged for the preservation of the Union, but for the purpose of crushing out liberty and establishing a despotism—a war for the freedom of the blacks and the enslaving of the whites; and that, if the Administration had so wished, the war could have been honorably terminated; that peace might have been honorably obtained by listening to the proposed interposition of France; that propositions by which the Southern States could be won back and he guaranteed their rights under the Constitution were rejected the day before the battle of Fredericksburg. He is also charged with having said that Order No. 38 of Gen. Burnside was a base usurpation of arbitrary authority, and that the sooner the people informed the minions of usurped power that they will not submit to such restrictions the better. He declared also his purpose to defeat an attempt to build up a monopoly upon the ruins of our free Government, and that he believed the men in power were trying to establish a despotism.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

WE publish to-day the first authentic sketches of the two battles near Fredericksburg, from one of our special artists, Mr. Edwin Forbes, who has been in the advance from Tuesday, when our army crossed the river, to the present time. Our next number will continue his graphic sketches of these most exciting scenes of the war. In our summary our readers will find a *resumé* of the heroic conflicts we have illustrated. Chancellorsville, now for ever one of the grand historic places of the world, is one of the many four-corner settlements of Virginia that are dignified with a town name, though having nothing but the name to give them that character. Like most similar settlements, it derives its name from the principal landed proprietor in its immediate vicinity. It is situated at the intersection of the Fredericksburg and Orange Court-House plank road—the principal line of communication between Fredericksburg and Gordonsville—and what is known as the Wilderness road—an old turnpike leading from Fredericksburg to the village of Wilderness. There is also a road leading from this point, starting off in a northeasterly direction, to Banks's Ford, and directly north to the United States Ford—five miles distant—and, by branches from both the Wilderness and Banks's Ford road, two additional routes to the United States Ford. At the time of our occupation of it, it contained but a single building, a large brick house, which Gen. Hooker took possession of for his headquarters. This house, which stands immediately at the confluence of the roads above mentioned, is upon an elevated, cleared and cultivated plain, about a mile square, somewhat extended and broken in shape on its southwesterly corner, at which point alone it is joined, through a narrow neck, with other cultivated fields.

The Country About.

In all directions, excepting on the southwest corner, the point is entirely surrounded by heavy timber. On the east, south and southeast the land falls off into the bed of Scott's creek, which surrounds the plain on those sides. On all sides, after leaving the immediate vicinity of Chancellorsville, the land is rough and broken, cut up with numerous deep and crooked ravines having various directions, though on the east uniformly leading in a northeasterly course to the Rappahannock river. The timber that covers these hills and ravines is filled with tangled masses of underbrush, thus completing a *tout ensemble* of the most undesirable character of ground for military operations.

DESTRUCTION OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST BY THE CALHOUN, Grand Lake, La.

OUR readers have doubtless appreciated the spirited sketch of the destruction of this celebrated vessel which, after doing good service in Ellet's hands, fell into rebel hands. She was finally destroyed, as shown in our sketch, by the Calhoun, justly styled "a boat of small pretensions but large performance." An old Mississippi tug, taken at New Orleans, unskilled by armor, she has fought many a gallant fight, and though riddled by shot and shell, and often losing some of her gallant braves in action, among others the late Commander Buchanan, she can still do good service. The rebels justly dread her, and the commander of the Queen of the West, who had tried her metal when he commanded the ill-fated Ethena, exclaimed: "There comes that old Calhoun again. I dread her more than all the rest. Her crew are experienced and brave."

THE DEAD OF POMPEII.—Recent researches in the buried city of Pompeii have brought to light many remarkable discoveries. Human remains in a state of good preservation have been found in a house in the doomed city. A correspondent of the London *Athenaeum* says that the human bodies were found in an excavation near the house called that of Abundantia. Falling in a mass of pumice-stone these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire, ashes and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death and insuring their preservation for nearly 2,000 years. On removing the debris, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cavalier Fiorelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture, the interior having been discovered to be hollow in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and mixing with it and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century.

"WHAT'S powder bringing?" asked a dealer, who was looking over the market report. "Powder," replied the funny man, "is bringing the rebels to their senses." "That will do," said the dealer.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A daily night and day line of steamers is now running on Lake Champlain between Whitehall, Burlington and Rouse's Point.

At the meeting of the Board of Education lately a resolution was passed authorizing the school officers of the 14th Ward to pay \$1,250 a year more to the teachers in that ward, owing to the increased attendance at the schools.

The Commencement of the Law Department of the New York University College took place on the 6th of May, at the University chapel, Chancellor Ferris presiding. Dodworth's band furnished the music, and, after addresses from several young gentlemen, 13 graduates were handed their diplomas.

The Emigration Commissioners have passed a resolution authorizing the investment of \$25,000 of the commutation fund in United States five-twenties. The emigration continues brisk. The number of arrivals last week was 1,604, making 26,312 since January 1, against 11,956 to the corresponding date last year. The commutation balance is now \$34,070 31.

The Post has the following item: "We cannot but regard it as an unfortunate event that Gen. Scott protests against the payment of the income tax, for his is the first case of formal resistance to an enactment which as Commissioner Lewis observes, is required by the imperious necessities of the public treasury."

The feat of removing entire a large chimney, 100 feet high, a distance of 150 feet has just been successfully accomplished at Worcester, Mass.

The Belfast Chronicle says that on the average 1,500 able-bodied young men leave Ireland for the United States every week, and also that there is every prospect of the emigration continuing.

Mr. Hamilton, of Virginia, while taking a drink at the bar of French's Hotel, the other day, fell down and instantly expired.

Beckkeepers at Ellsworth, Maine, and vicinity complain this spring of the death of all their bees. There is hardly a hive in the region that wintered well; in most instances all are dead.

Thomas Sims, the once fugitive slave, has returned to Boston, having again escaped from bondage.

Gov. Seymour has vetoed the Broadway Railroad Bill.

At the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, recently, Mr. A. A. Low was elected President, Mr. Robert was re-elected Treasurer, Mr. J. Austin Stevens, Jr., Secretary, and Wm. E. Dodge was elected First Vice-President. Resolutions highly complimentary to the retiring President, Mr. Pelatiah Perit, were passed. Mr. Perit has been a member of the Chamber 43 years, and for 10 years its President.

The Provost-Marshal of Ste. Genevieve county, Missouri, has issued an order suppressing, at all the post offices in that county the New York Freeman's Journal, the New York Caucasian, the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald, and the Chester (Ill.) Picket Guard.

In the United States Court at Cincinnati, on the 28th ult., 14 suits to collect internal revenue from parties refusing to pay were decided in favor of the Government. The persons who held back will thereby be saddled with nearly five times the original amount.

The official returns of the late election in Connecticut show that Thomas H. Seymour, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, ran 312 votes behind his ticket.

Twenty-two divorces were granted by the Supreme Court of Connecticut at its April sitting.

The General Assembly of the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church will meet at Peoria, Illinois, on the 24th of May. The New School Assembly will be held on the same day in Philadelphia.

Oswego deserves the palm on longevity. Peter Russell celebrated his 110th birthday in that city on the 22d ult. He was born in Brooklyn in 1753, and was thus a man full grown at the breaking out of the Revolution. He remembers distinctly the time when New York was under the allegiance of the British Crown. He has been bedridden for several years, and of late has been quite childish.

A curious loss of a gold watch occurred in the crowd of passengers getting in and out of the cars at Holyoke, Mass., a few days ago. After the cars had started a passenger found the watch hanging to a button on his coat, the button having caught the chain and drawn out the watch from the owner's pocket, whoever he was.

A corporal belonging to one of the New York regiments gave birth to a fine boy a few days since. She has served two years in the ranks without any suspicion of her sex. They are now in the hospital.

Western.—Thirteen negroes were sold in Louisville on the 27th ult at prices averaging \$50 each. The sale was made by the Sheriff, in opposition to the orders of the Provost Marshal.

The Pittsburg Gazette of a late date says: "A large number of emigrants have arrived in that city during the past week, and a still larger number may be expected shortly. The other night the train brought in some 300, including quite a number who came over in the steamer North America, and whose passage was paid in Pittsburg by their friends."

We hear from Minnesota of a renewal of Indian troubles there. The difficulty this time is with a number of Chippewa chiefs, who refuse to sanction the treaty made at Washington last winter, and threaten to kill all who signed it. This intelligence, together with the recent Indian murders on the Cottonwood river, has caused a stampede among the settlers between Abercrombie and Georgetown, and they are leaving for a safer locality.

Military.—A new military commission convened in St. Louis a few days ago. It was instituted for the purpose of trying spies, rebel correspondents, secret mail carriers, military insurgents and disloyal parties.

Gov. Andrew's negro regiment is now nearly full, and it is reported will leave Massachusetts for the seat of war in the course of three or four weeks.

The first annual anniversary of the Institution for the Support of the Children of Deceased or Disabled Soldiers was celebrated on the 6th of May in the 14th Street Presbyterian Church. The stormy weather doubtless hindered many from attending who would otherwise have been present. The Treasurer's report shows that the receipts during the last year amounted to \$3,433 16; expenditures \$3,125 12—leaving a balance of cash on hand of \$338 12.

The force under Gen. Greenvile A. Dodge, who performed such gallant service recently at Bear Creek and Tusculum, Alabama, is called the "Jackson Brigade." The men belong to the infantry branch of the service, and are all mounted on mules. When they meet the enemy they dismount, and do their fighting on foot. By this means they are free from the fatigue produced by long marches.

The 27th New Jersey regiment had 25 men drowned in crossing the Cumberland, owing to the boat swamping.

Two men were executed in Kentucky on the 15th of April for recruiting for the rebel army.

The Boston Transcript says: "We mentioned yesterday that iron plates one foot thick had been rolled in England, to be used as armor for ships. No sooner is this accomplished, however, than a 600-pound Armstrong gun is ready at Shoeburys to give a trial to this heavy plate of iron. The new gun weighs 22 tons, and is 12 feet six inches long. The weight of our 15-inch guns is 49,100 pounds, which is, according to the English measure of 2,240 pounds to the ton, nearly that of the new Armstrong gun. Their length is 15 feet 10 inches. They throw a shot weighing 420 pounds."

The following is an extract from an order recently issued by Adjutant-General Thomas at Helena: "One of the duties of the regiments of African descent will be to secure abandoned cotton, and have it conveyed to the levee for shipment to the Quartermaster at Memphis, Tenn. Accordingly, all officers belonging to such troops will see to the execution of this order, and the Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation for such purpose, etc."

The brigade of Col. Sir Percy Wyndham, consisting of the 1st New Jersey, 12th Illinois, 4th New York and 5th Pennsylvania regiments, separated from the division to which it was attached—that of Gen. Gregg—on Saturday, and advanced to Orange Court House, tearing up the track of the Orange and Alexandria railroad in the vicinity, burning the rails so as to render them useless, and doing other damage. A few prisoners, with some mules and negroes, were taken at this point. Here Col. Davis, with his regiment—the 8th Illinois—separated from the brigade, and proceeded to Spotsylvania Court House, tearing up the railroad track, burning bridges and making a few captures.

Hawkins's Zouaves, having faithfully served their term of two years, returned to New York on the 5th of May. They were escorted by the 12th regiment N. Y. S. M. They went out 1,046, and returned with only 420 men, the rest having fallen on the field. They have been in 11 battles, including South Mountain, Antietam, and the fearful slaughter of Fredericksburg last December.

The body of Col. Ringgold of the 103d New York regiment, who fell at Suffolk, on Sunday, the 31 of May, laid in state at the City Hall, on the 11th of May. A guard of honor, consisting of some of the Hawkins's Zouaves, under Lieut. Frank Powell, watched the remains.

Geo. H. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, who went down to Virginia to defend John Brown, is now the leader of an independent band of soldiers, who are hunting down guerrillas, and otherwise harassing the enemy. He is one of the fighting Abolitionists.

A few days ago one of the officers of the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry was captured by the rebels near Williamsburg, Va. On proceeding toward the rebel lines they lost their way, and called their prisoner to guide them, which he very kindly did—into the Union lines!

Judge Welch says in his paper, *The Voice of the People*, Gen. Dix requested the Hawkins's Zouaves, who were at Fort Nansemond, to remain over their time. But they did not choose to comply with the request, for reasons given in their Colonel's very able and logical reply to the General. They refused on the ground that they had always been in the face of the enemy—always in the field—had been denied furloughs—had changed their camp 23 times—spent five months on the sand banks of Hatteras, and lost over 400 men. The post of honor tendered them by Gen. Dix if they overstayed their time (a post which in military rule is the post of danger), they respectfully declined, having held it for two years, and in justice to numerous other regiments who had never been similarly honored and who had a right to that distinction.

Naval.—The U. S. sloop of war Preble was totally destroyed by fire off Pensacola, on the 28th April. The Preble was a 16 gun sailing sloop, and was built at Kittery, Maine, in 1839, and was one of the smallest vessels of her class, being only 500 tons register. She was 117 feet in length, 32 feet beam and 15 feet depth of hold. She carried about eight tons of ballast, and stowed provisions for about 160 days and 14,782 gallons of fresh water. She sailed and steered well, except in light winds, and upon the whole she was a very fair seaboat.

The Stevens battery Naugatuck, lately on duty as revenue guardship at the Narrows, has come up to Jersey City for repairs. She now lies off the Monitor Yard. Her new gun, which was placed on her some time since, it is said has proved a great success.

The Navy Department has ordered the following additional monitors: Warsaw, Napa, Yazoo, Tonawanda, Umpqua, Casco, Shawnee, Suncock, Chimo, Klamath, Yuma, Naubuc and Kako.

The boilers and engines of the gunboat Shenandoah, now building in Philadelphia, are about to be protected upon a plan of Chief Engineer Thomson, which the Navy Department has ordered to be tried on the Shenandoah. The vessel is to have an iron armor around the engines and boilers, and the workmen are busy making the patterns by which the different pieces are to be formed so as to fit the parts for which they are designed. The plan is said to meet the approval of some of the oldest officers, and if it proves successful will no doubt be introduced in all of our steamers in which the machinery is exposed to injury from the enemy's shot.

Personal.—J. L. O'Sullivan, late U. S. Minister to Portugal, has written a long letter to Professor Morse (President of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge), in which he contends that peace is now the sole chance left for reunion.

Eugene Sue was engaged, at the time of his death, in the publication of a gigantic romance, and had got as far as the 19th volume, when he "inspiredly" wrote at one fell swoop, put an end to the speculation, and the work is left a fragment. It has been translated, in a condensed shape, into English. Its original title, "Les Mysteres du Peuple," has been changed to "The Rival Races."

Mr. Boutet, a French engineer, residing in Brussels, has unveiled a machine which, it is said, is likely to do away with the employment of steam as a motive power. The machine is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle being applicable alike to locomotives and stationary engines. Experiments just made with it at Brussels have been attended with complete success.

When Gen. R. M. Patrick was transferred from the command of his old brigade (21st, 23d and 35th N. Y. S. V.), to the position of Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomac, his regimental and brigade officers presented to him a service of plate.

Col. Oliver T. Beard, late Provost-Marshal at Fort Royal, S. C., has been given a lucrative post in the New York Custom House by Collector Barney.

Sunday, while the engagement was in progress at Chancellorsville, the large brick mansion used as headquarters by Gen. Hooker was shelled and set on fire. Previous to leaving the building, Gen. Hooker was knocked down by a post supporting the porch, which a shell had torn out, and for short time the command devolved upon Gen. Couch. Gen. Hooker's bruises were not serious.

Longfellow's eldest son is 2d Lieut. in a Massachusetts regiment, and Oliver Wendell Holmes is a 1st Lieut. The latter has been wounded three times.

The Duc de Chartres, who for a year served as aide-de-camp to Gen. McClellan, has formed a matrimonial engagement with his cousin, the Princess Francois, daughter of the Prince de Joinville.

Gov. Curtin has been on a visit to the camp at Falmouth. His presence was hailed with great delight by the Pennsylvania regiments.

Col. T. B. Thorpe, the famous bee hunter, and formerly one of the editors of this paper, arrived from New Orleans by the Morning Star. To his admirable sanitary arrangements the escape of the Crescent City from yellow fever is chiefly owing.

Gen. Gilmore, who has lately been in active service at Cincinnati, is at present in New York city, for the purpose of consulting physicians for disease of the throat. His victory at Somerset, Ky., over a large body of rebels must be fresh in our reader's recollection.

The Philadelphia Press is very severe upon Gen. Dix for the singular distinction he made in asking the 9th New York Volunteers to remain beyond their term. Gen. Dix, despite his courage and skill, has never been engaged with the enemy, his

nearest approach to the scene of action being a reconnaissance upon Nausomond river.

Dr. J. Baxter Upham has sent \$600 to the Stanley Hospital, Newberae, to be expended in wines for the wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Gladstone, the most charming and finished artist on the stage, has returned to New York. Her engagement in New Orleans was a great success in every respect. The critics there pronounced her to be the best exponent of ladylike comedy now living. In such parts as Lady Teazle, Desdemona, Mrs. Oakley and the heroines of the English drama she is unrivaled.

Palmo, the old opera manager, received \$1,000 as the result of his benefit at the Academy of Music. Maretzek, in presenting it to Palmo, advised him not to invest it in operative speculations.

Obituary.—Lieut.-Col. Ferrier Nazer died on the 23d of April, at Washington. He was a native of Suffolk, in England, and served for some years as an officer in the British army, having been Adjutant of the 19th Light Infantry, one of the crack corps in that service, and was highly esteemed by his superior officers, both as a gentleman and soldier. On retiring from the British army he accepted the position of Treasurer of the Winter Garden Theatre, in which capacity he acquired in this city many friends by his obliging disposition and courteous manners. With the breaking out of the war the love for his old profession returned, and he accepted the position of Lieut.-Col. of the New York Mounted Rifles, a regiment raised chiefly through the exertions and liberality of Mr. Louis Lafarge. The same qualities which won for him respect and esteem in the British, he carried into the American service. He was equally beloved by both officers and men, and his early military training, combined with undaunted courage and great self-possession, combined to render him one of the best and most efficient officers in the service. He has been most honorably mentioned in several reports, and his death greatly lamented by his division and by all with whom he came in contact.

Benjamin Pike, Sen., the well-known optician of this city, expired at his residence, No. 42 North Moore street, on last Saturday, in the 87th year of his age. Mr. Pike was one of the most celebrated opticians in the country, and his old store in Broadway, where people used to "take a shock" daily, some 15 years ago, must be remembered by many of our citizens. Signs of people—sometimes half a block in length—used to stand around a powerful galvanic battery, placed outside his store, and there enjoy the pleasure of receiving the thrills of the electric current through their systems.

Mrs. Eunice Hayes died at Milton, New Hampshire, March 27th, at the age of 102. She left 181 descendants. She was born on Friday, consecrated to God in baptism on Friday, married on Friday, moved into Milton on Friday, her husband died on Friday, and she died on Friday, as she often affirmed she would.

Yellow Wolf, chief of the Kiowa Indians, one of the Western tribe delegation, died at Washington, on the 3d of May. About half an hour before he died his companions painted his face, hands and feet with red paint, and dressed him in a new suit. He was about 50.

Aniel W. Whipple, who was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville on Monday, May 4th, died on the 7th. He received a Major General's commission an hour before he died. He graduated second in his class at West Point, and has been in active service most of the time since. He was associated with the Topographical Engineers, and had charge of the Central American expedition about 12 years ago. Since the breaking out of the war he has been actively on duty, and in September last had temporary charge of the defenses of Washington. Previous to that time he was made a Brigadier-General. He bore the character of an accomplished soldier. His scientific attainments were of a very superior description. He was a man of unassuming manners, and the love and deep respect of many friends. His age was about 45. He was married about 20 years ago to the daughter of Col. John N. Sherburne, of Portsmouth, N. H., and leaves a widow and a family of three or four children to lament his death.

Councilman James Hogan died on the 8th of May of brain fever. He had been in the Common Council since 1859.

Commander M. Dermott, of the gunboat Cayuga, who was killed in a reconnaissance up Sabine Pass on the 18th of April, was born in New York city in 1824. He received his commission in 1841, and has been in active service ever since. His funeral was performed at Christ Church, New Orleans, on the 25th of April. He was a noble specimen of the American sailor.

Charles Bass, the well-known comedian, died in Canada on the 5th of May, aged 65 years. He leaves a wife and several children. He was a cousin of W. E. Burton. He was a Londoner.

Accidents and Offences.—Mr. Bron, a French gentleman, destroyed himself at the Metropolitan Hotel, on Tuesday, the 5th May, by driving a surgical instrument to his heart. The cause, pecuniary losses.

Capt. C. G. Vanquillfelt, of the United States Volunteer service, was charged with malfeasance in office, in obtaining \$371 for subsistence of troops on their passage through New York. The case was sent before the United States Grand Jury.

Capt. Gill, of the steamship Edinburgh, has been arrested on a charge of abducting three sailors on the last voyage to Liverpool. The men all jumped overboard in the lower bay, and in their attempt to escape, one of them, named Jeremiah Murphy, was drowned. The defendant was held to bail in the sum of \$2,000 to answer.

The large kerosene oil factory of Isaac Moore & Co., situated at the foot of Bergen Hill, just south of Newark Avenue, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 6th May. Loss about \$15,000, partially insured.

The prize-fight between Coburn and McCool took place on the 6th May, in Maryland. Coburn won. They were both Irishmen.

A Mrs. Savage, of Vandewater street, was dangerously injured on the 6th May, by the falling of the stone support of the doorway.

A distressing casualty occurred at Maidstone, near Windsor, Canada, on 3d May. A young man, who was going through the manual of arms with an old rifle, which he supposed was unloaded, discharged the weapon accidentally, instantly killing one of his sisters and wounding another, it is feared fatally.

About midnight, on the 26th February, a young man, Henry Foster, rushed into his father's house, in Stanton street, having received two gunshot in his groin. He refused to explain, and soon after died. It has now transpired that he received the wounds in forcing an entrance into a neighboring store, the proprietor of which had ingeniously placed a loaded gun in such a manner as to draw the trigger should any one pull the door.

A woman was walking in a Philadelphia street, the other evening, with a box of matches in her pocket, when she fell. The fall ignited the matches, her clothes were on fire. In alarm, she started to run, thereby fanning the flames, and she became so badly burned that she soon after died in the hospital.

Six of the Indiana Butternut leaders have been arrested and held over for trial. They became frightened and divulged all the secrets of the clans who assume the title of Knights of the Golden Circle, so that the authorities can now proceed with their eyes open.

A man, his wife and five children (slaves) were burnt to death in a barn at Cumberland, Md., on the night of the 26th April.

Three streets of Denver City, Colorado, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 19th April.

Mr. Lewis Smyser, who was arrested in Louisville for talking treason, has been required to sign a

parole and give bonds of \$100,000, in order to gain his liberty. He will probably now keep quiet.

A house in Pell street fell on the 8th May, burying two lads beneath the ruins. Neither of them were much hurt.

A cook at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was arrested on the 8th of May, charged with having received \$1,000 more than the cheque certified, and which, of course, was paid by the careless cashier of the Ball's Head Bank, by mistake. He denied the accusation, and was admitted to bail.

The chemists who had the body of Mrs. Thomas to analyze have come to the conclusion that her death, which had been attributed to poison, was the result of natural causes.

Two bar-room politicians, named Trapp and Rowe, getting into a quarrel in the Bank coffee-house, Grand street, on the 9th of May, Trapp drew a revolver and fired at Rowe. He missed his adversary and struck Deputy-Sheriff Ferris in the arm.

A man named Jaynes shot P. Costello, a mechanic, in Grand street on the 8th of May, for having eloped with his wife. The seducer died an hour after receiving his wounds.

Foreign.—The bill for instituting a property qualification, in place of universal suffrage has been defeated in Nova Scotia.

Everything is very cheap in Japan. A first-class house can be purchased for \$30. Servants work for 50 cents a month. For the use of a horse and groom \$1 50. A person can live comfortably in Japan for two cents a day, or 14 cents a week.

The *Telegrafo* of Barcelona gives a strange account of an apparatus for flying in the air, invented by a farm laborer named Orujo, residing near Malaga. It consists of fans attached to the heels, and large wings extending from the shoulders to the waist and moved by the hands. The inventor, the above-named journal states, has already risen to a height of 200 yards, and moved about in all directions, even against the wind. He has also performed the distance of a league in less than a quarter of an hour!

A young Englishman of fortune has just "blown out his brains" in Paris, because one of the oldest, but it must be admitted one of the most magnificent pensioners of the Theatre Francaise, Madame Madeleine Brohan, refused to find him a man to her taste. In his will he left his fortune, something like £25,000 sterling, to Madame Brohan, and, in default of her accepting it, it was to pass to the Orphan Asylum founded by the Empress in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The money has taken this direction, for Madame Brohan immediately demanded from her husband, from whom she lives separated, an authorization to enable her to refuse legally the bequest. She also refused to play at the theatre the evening of the event, in all of which she showed as much delicacy as good taste.

The Emperor of France and all the foreign and domestic feminine nobility are making horse-manship fashionable in Paris. All the riding masters there have their hands full in helping their numerous pupils into the saddle.

The Pacha of Egypt has just had made for himself in Paris a desert service consisting of 12 gold plates, richly inlaid with diamonds, costing 60,000 francs each; six champagne glasses, costing 30,000 francs each; six small wineglasses at 18,000 francs each, and a dozen spoons and forks at 6,000 francs each. The plates and champagne glasses each contain more than 1,000 diamonds.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that the alleged "instructions" to our cruisers touching neutral vessels and mails, which were laid before Parliament recently, and were made the basis of all that Lord Lyons did in the Peterhoff case, were never sent to our naval officers. Secretary Seward suggested them to Secretary Welles, but they were never issued. How they came into the possession of foreign governments, bearing the character attributed to them, is a question which will sooner or later be investigated.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company are building eight splendid new steamers for service in India and the Mediterranean.

Art.—Heinrich Von Hees, the great religious subject painter of Munich, who died on the 29th March, has left unfinished a picture of "The Last Supper," in which the Apostles are represented as receiving the Sacrament kneeling.

The London *Athenaeum* of the 18th ult., describes a picture just completed in life-size, by Dante Rossetti, comprising the head and shoulders of Joan of Arc, in the act of kissing the sword found in the church at Fierbois, where in a vision she had been directed to seek it. She holds the weapon in both hands, pressing her lips against the blade above the hilt. The head is bare; its hair heaped in a bold mass from off the face. The expression is given with remarkable force and spirit, embodying the intensity and enthusiasm of the heroine in every line and hue. One arm is visible, covered with plate-armor. Over her shoulders is a mantle, damasked with gold, through which the arm appears. This is executed by Mr. J. A. Rose. A companion to this will be the head of Helen, with the goblet she dedicated to Venus; for the same gentleman. This artist has also in hand a half-figure of Fortune, represented as a female figure shuffling a pack of cards.

A German paper says that 23 MS. compositions of Mozart, in his own hand, have been found in Berlin lately.

A new theatre is to be erected in Holborn, London, on the eligible site opposite Chancery Lane. The building is designed to include a refreshment-room, on a very extensive scale. Both it and the theatre will be constructed of iron.

A play is being acted just now at the Victoria Theatre in London, called "The Engineer's Perseverance," in which, we are told, the early career of George Stephenson finds suitable and effective illustration. It was Stephenson who said that "the heat we get from coal is due to the bottled-up sunbeams of centuries ago." This remark, spoken by George Evanson in the play, is much applauded.

R. H. Horne, the poet, who has resided for the last 15 years in Australia, has written a poem on the heroism of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers.

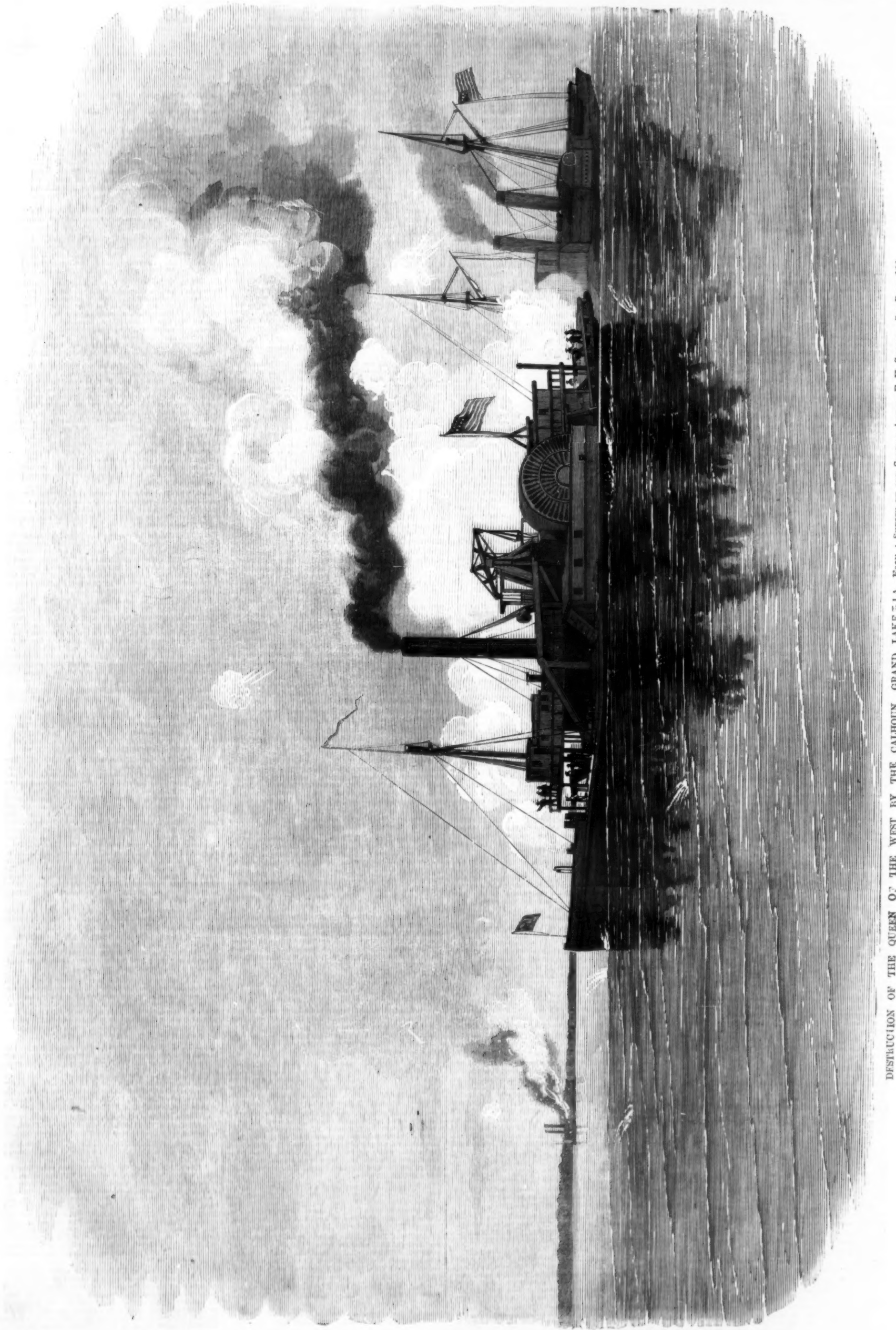
Chit-Chat.—The distress sign of the copperhead secret societies is "H. O. R. d." The hailing party gives only the first two letters, which are the initials to the words "hold on." The respondent, if he is a member, answers "R. d." which means "Richmond."

The Montreal *Gazette* says that "Agents of the Government of the Northern States" have subsidized certain newspapers in Great Britain and the Colonies.

Bishop Bloomfield's (London) Life has been published in England. It gives these as specimens of his wit:

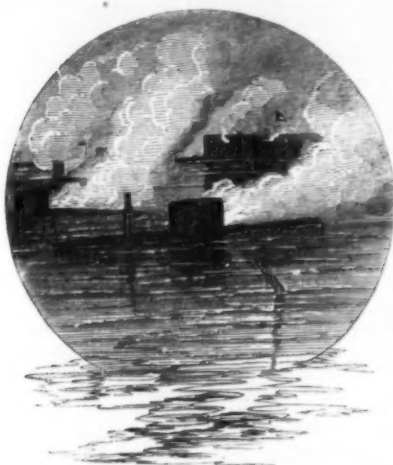
"When a friend of the Bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, 'In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul.' 'Yes,' replied the Bishop, drily, 'in prison oft.' And when, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, 'Well, at least, it was according to Scriptural precedent: 'The singers went before, the minstrels followed after.'"

A man went to Philadelphia some years ago, exhibiting six boys and girls, but all of them were dressed in girls' clothes. They were all so much like girls in appearance, that he made money betting that no one could tell 't'other from which. An Irishman went out and returned with a dozen apples. Throwing one to each of the children, he observed that some of them caught them in their hands; these, he said, were boys. Others held out their aprons; these, he said, were girls. Fat was right.



DESTRUCTION OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST BY THE CALHOUN, GRAND LAKE, ILL. - FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL. - SEE PAGE 130.

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IRON ON IRON—A MONITOR SONG.

SIXTY dread minutes of iron hail,
Point of steel against riveted mail,
Rocks from the mightiest catapult flung
To these were but pebbles, that lightly sail
From the sling round an urchin's fingerstrung:
Those were ripe minutes to quell!

Quall? They smiled in their turrets strong,
The iron crash was their battle song;
Bolt, and rivet, and bar, and screw,
Splinter of iron a cloth-yard long,
Like quarry from loosened crossbow flew
Deadly amid the grim throng.

Cannon, whose smoky mouths laid bare
Caverns might serve for a lion's lair;
Salvos, whose thunder the tranced could hear;
Vast globes of iron, that spun through air
Like meteors flung from a whirling sphere,
Welcomed our Monitors there.

Thirty guns on the mail-clad nine,
Fifteen score in the rebel line;
What was the tale when the work was done?
Of iron on iron full many a sign,
But every iron-clad staunch, save one—
A craft of another design.

Nile fight, Gibraltar, Trafalgar,
Battles of history, near and far,
What were all that ever were waged
To that one hour over Charleston bar?
The record to come must be bright paged
That tells what Monitors are.

Honor to those who have battled for right—
Tears for the brave who fell in the fight.
What if the traitors' walls still stand?
Patience! A day shall the strife renew,
That will leave but a ruin upon the sand
To mark where rebellion grew.

PRIZE STORY
No. 15.

THE GHOST IN GREEN.

CHAPTER I.—WHY DID HE DO IT?

THAT is what the good people of Ridgeville continually wanted to know. The matter had been a standing subject of wonder to them for years. The wisest heads in the town had been put together to solve the mystery, but were taken apart again without any satisfactory result. It was a puzzle to everybody, and a source of much joy and profit to the landlord of the Washington Hotel (the meanest village tavern is a hotel in these enlightened days), who was called upon in the way of business to deal out countless glasses of strong beer, hot whiskey, rum and molasses, and other inspiring cordials to the worthies who sat in council around his great red-hot stove, spitting thereupon from time to time, in the fine rural manner, in order to relieve minds already reduced to chaos in the effort to probe the great mystery.

If the noble male mind, which, it is well known, never stoops to gossiping and scandal, should condescend so far as to be absorbed by this distracting question, it is not to be wondered at that the women of Ridgeville went nearly wild about it. The amount of tea consumed in discussing it one would think must have necessitated the most intimate and friendly relations between the storekeeper of the village and the Emperor of China, for it seemed as if no other motive than that of friendship could ever have induced that imperial personage to part with such enormous quantities of his favorite herb. But the deliberations held over the cup that cheers were full as fruitless as those in the bar-room over the one which inebriates.

Allen Forrest was much changed. That they all admitted. But what had worked the great change in him? That was the question in dispute. It is true his wife had died suddenly. So had the wives of other men who had not refused to be comforted after a decent season. She had died before she had been two days a wife. But other men had been made widowers on their wedding-day, and yet recovered from the blow.

"Look at Mr. Scuggles," said a spinster of uncertain age. Mr. Scuggles was the well-to-do butcher of Ridgeville. "Look at Mr. Scuggles; his Cynthia Ann died of cramps before they had

been married a week. Yet see how happy he is now with his third wife and his fourteen children!"

"Yes, indeed!" said another, a blooming matron with four marriageable daughters; "there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

So it was unanimously voted that Allen Forrest's lifelong despair could not be based entirely upon the loss of his wife. What, then, was the motive of his extraordinary and incomprehensible conduct? Why had he kept himself for twenty long years shut up like a hermit in a single room in his father's old house on the outskirts of the town? Why there bury himself from the eyes of the world, and refuse all comers, even his oldest friends, and so continue to live, long after the death of his father and mother, surrounded by two or three old servants, but never departing for a moment from the rule which had regulated all his years of sorrow, never passing by a hair's line the threshold of that mysterious apartment, the one in which his wife had met her death? Was it because of something unnatural and unholy in the manner of that death? Was it because a great crime had been committed? There were vague rumors to this effect, but they were only fostered by the more malicious spirits of the village. In fact, every one had his or her own private theory upon the subject of Allen Forrest's strange seclusion, and the opinions of the Ridgevillians in regard to the great mystery were quite as diverse as are those of theologians on the subject of infant baptism.

The town, as I have hinted, periodically went into committee of the whole on the question. At the beginning of each session one and all agreed to divest their minds of all previously conceived theories, and to start fresh and fair, open to conviction on any reasonable ground. But, as is the case in most arguments, no one was convinced that his own idea was not the right one, the matter generally ended by their all asserting that fact, one after the other, which led, I am pained to say, to exhibitions of temper.

When little Miss Chips, the milliner, hinted at lumbago as the most probable explanation, every eye in the assembly gazed down upon her from the altitude of a seventh cup of tea, in pity and in scorn, and for no other reason than that Mrs. Brown, the Presbyterian minister's wife, threw out the word paralysis at one of these meetings, Miss Chickering, the asthmatic and wealthy Miss Chickering, gave up her pew in the church, became forthwith a devout Episcopalian, and erased from her will all mention of the sanctuary of the unfortunate Brown.

The contests of Guelph and Ghibelline, of the White Roses and the Red, were mimicked in miniature in this little village of Ridgeville. And, meanwhile, the author of the strife sat sad and solitary in that dismal room in the old mansion at the edge of the village, all unconscious of the gabble that was made about him.

CHAPTER II.—THE STRANGER.

"My friend, can you tell me the way to Mr. Forrest's place?"

The question was addressed by a stout-built, handsome gentleman on horseback, to one of a group of loungers about the blacksmith's shop in Ridgeville, one bleak and blustering November afternoon.

"You don't want to see old Squire Forrest," said the villager, "do you? 'Cos he's dead e'en a'most ten year."

"No; I have no wish to see the squire at present," returned the stranger, with a smile. "It is his son, Mr. Allen Forrest, that I am looking for."

"Then I'm afraid you won't find him," said the other; "he keeps himself mighty close, I can tell you. Not a man in the village has seen hide nor hair of him since the day his wife died."

A twinge of sadness came to the stranger's face at these words, and being now informed of the direction he should take, he rode off with a hasty "Thank you" to his informant, and soon reached the tall, gaunt fir-trees that stood like attenuated sentinels, guarding the approaches to the Forrest mansion.

The arrival of a stranger in Ridgeville, and of a stranger, too, who persisted in going to see the mysterious recluse, Allen Forrest, was an item of thrilling importance, entitling the bearer to the highest ambassadorial honors. The lounge, who had been the spokesman of the party at the blacksmith's shop, was accordingly treated with distinguished consideration in the bar-room of the Washington Hotel that night. Many were the steaming and savory glasses tendered him that evening, without money and without price, and often was he entreated to tell his story over again to a new comer, repeat the exact words the stranger had used, the exact words he himself had used, at what point in the conversation the stranger's face suffered a change, etc., etc. And though those who were with him at the time endeavored to share the honors of the narrative, he would brook no infringement upon his copyright, and entered into eleemosynary intoxication in solitary state.

CHAPTER III.—THE GREEN CHAMBER.

[The rest of the story is told by the stranger of Chapter II.]

I SCARCELY know what moved me to visit Allen Forrest. It was certainly not from any love I bore him. We were warm and close friends once, in our college days, but the distrust we felt for each other when we found that we were both paying court to beautiful Clara Temple, ripened, on my side, into hate when she declared her preference for him. I can see now, in the coolness of time, that she neither loved me nor endeavored to make me believe that she did. She was too noble a soul to flirt. That combination of vanity and heartlessness which goes by the name, which tramples the flower of an honest man's love into the eternal mire, was too mean a trick for her to understand or practise. But the "trifles light as air," which seem so strong a confirmation to the lover, fed me with vain hopes. The courtesies, which came of a natural kindness, I misconstrued as an encouragement. For months I blundered on in this blind way. I came to love her passionately—madly. The mere touch of her soft, little hand, on greeting me, sent a rapturous thrill throughout my whole body. I had such a holy regard for her that she seemed like a sacred presence in the room. I lifted her, by my love, to so high a place, that I, myself, could not approach her.

An hundred times I trembled on the brink of a declaration of my love, and each time drew back again, frightened at my own audacity. Still I felt that she must be mine in the end, simply because she was the only woman in the world whom I could love. With her life would be sunshine and a smooth road; without her, darkness and ugly pitfalls.

In my youthful enthusiasm I made a confidant of my chum, Allen Forrest, and poured the story of my love into his ear. Soon after I took him to see my beauty. We now visited her house frequently in company. Soon I discovered that he went of his own accord, without me. I kept a close watch on him after that. Next I learned that they took long walks in the woods together. Concealed behind a tree, I surprised them in one of these rambles. His arm was about her waist, and, as he talked, she gazed up into his face with all the tenderness of love. Great God! I could have torn his heart out and thrown it to the dogs! That night I wrote her a letter full of raving and reproaches. I pinned on the page a little slip of mignonette

which she had given me (probably without a thought of the significance which I attached to it), and encircled it with scorching sarcasms. The poor leaves seemed to wither at the burning words. In another letter I upbraided Allen Forrest as a traitor whose name I never wished to hear again. I spat upon his pretended friendship, and loaded him with my curses.

Before morning dawned I had left the place, a broken-hearted man. The light of my life was out. I groped along in utter darkness, and for months I shunned the eyes of man, hugging my griefs in a solitude of my own making. This brought on a fever, and I was now sick in body as well as in soul. I prayed to die, but the cursed doctor saved me.

At the end of a year I heard that they were married. I had suffered so much in anticipation of the news that it could give me no additional pang. I had become callous to pain.



On the Road.

Three days afterwards I learned that she was dead! The news at first stupified rather than horrified me. A grim satisfaction at the blow which had fallen upon my rival mingled with a regret at the death of one whom I had so fondly loved. In my miserable vanity I looked upon her sudden death as an act of Divine retribution for my wrongs. I exulted that my enemy's happiness had been of such short duration. When the first revengeful gust had passed, a sombre sadness came over me. It was desolating to think that the face that was once so dear to me was now coldly set in death; that the heaving bosom on which I had so longed to lay my weary head, as in a place of refuge, was wrapped in the embrace of the chilling shroud, that the rigid fingers should know no love-pressure for evermore. I knew that she was not mine and never would be, but it did not seem that I had utterly lost her until I heard that she was dead. That was the last bitter drop left in the bottom of the cup.

There was a mystery, too, surrounding this sudden death that added to my grief. Clara Forrest (how I hated to think of her by that name!) died in her father-in-law's house on the second night after her marriage. She was found a corpse in her bed by the servants in the morning. Her husband, hastily summoned from her side a few hours after the wedding ceremony, to attend the deathbed of a near relative, returned to find his wife in her coffin. The cause of her sudden flight had never been explained. The mystery, if mystery it was, was fast locked in the bosoms of the Forrest family. The authorities of the village had suggested a post-mortem examination, and even insisted upon it at first, but the idea was so horrible to the mind of his son, that Squire Forrest used his influence and put the proposition down.

The matter stirred the gossips, as might have been expected, and gave rise to any number of extraordinary stories, but I had never heard a single intelligent solution of the case. As time passed on—Time, which is said to heal wounds that defy the physician's skill, but which only served to cauterize mine—I went into business, mechanically, because a man must do something to save himself from suicide, and fortune, which I neither sought nor cared for, came unto me. I am now known as a rich man, and esteemed accordingly. So twenty years have rolled by. My hair is slightly streaked with gray, but Allen Forrest, they told me, the other day, was a crooked white-haired man, bent down with the weight of his sorrow. The stories they told me of him interested me; they said that he had not stirred from the room in which she died since the fatal morning twenty years ago, that he would receive no visitors, and there lived a sour and misanthropical life. I do not know what spirit possessed me, but I determined to go and see him. Last Wednesday, I set out on horseback for the village near which he lives. There a rustic clown directed me to his house.

A sharp trot soon brought me to the place. Funeral fir-trees skirted the front of the house. There was a general air of decay about the grounds. What was once a pleasant garden had become, through neglect, a patch of rank weeds. A gravel walk, whose white pebbles had turned yellow, offered a fair field for forward thistles and had been taken advantage of accordingly. The fence that partially protected it from stray cows was in the last stage of infirmity, and trembled so violently when I dismounted and opened the gate, that I was afraid it would all come down with a crash. The house, towards which I now walked with my horse's bridle on my arm, had a similar air of mouldiness. Worm-eaten and moss-covered shutters closed all the windows but two on its front side. These were on the second floor, and from them proceeded a fitful light like that of a wood fire. This light, with the



Reconciliation of the old-time Enemies.

exception of a feeble curl of smoke from a back chimney that struggled for ascendancy with the dampness, was the only sign of life that the place afforded. I hammered heavily on the front door with the butt of my riding-whip. The echoes sounded dimly along the wall within and died away, but no one came. Again I rapped and waited. Still no answer. The delay was vexatious, the more especially as the clouds which had threatened all the day now broke forth in rain. I sought the back of the house, where, in a little kitchen, I found a grizzled old woman bending over a fire, absorbed in cooking.

"My good woman," said I, "is Mr. Forrest at home?"

She turned round upon me with a glance of astonishment and grunted,

"No."

"When did he go out?"

"He never goes out."

"He must be at home now, then."

"No, he isn't."

"How do you explain that?"

"Don't bother!"

The old woman turned again to her cooking, and having thus dismissed me from her mind, apparently lost all unconsciousness of my presence.

I recommenced:

"But I must see him, I say."

She lifted up her head from the fire in angry surprise.

"You here again! Go away! No one is allowed to come here."

"No one?"

"No one!"

"But I am an exception."

"I always set the dog on exceptions. Here, Rover! Rover! Rover!"

She whistled as well as her spare teeth would allow, but the dog was either an imaginary one or else was out of hearing. No Rover appeared. The old woman was discomfited. I saw that it was necessary to follow up my advantage with firmness.

"Old woman, whether you take me to see your master or not is of no consequence to me. I shall go in spite of you. Get out of the way."

I made two or three steps towards a door that led into the main body of the house.

"Stop!" she shrieked, throwing her skinny arms up in affright and planting herself in my path.

I recoiled involuntarily as her unearthly scream smote my ear, but it was only for an instant.

"Stop! I say," she cried again, and with increased vehemence. "Don't go there. In the name of God don't go there! He'd kill me if I should let anybody in. He'd kill himself. He'd kill you. He'd kill all of us! He's not in his right mind, sir. What do you want to see him for? Nobody ever troubles us here. I'm a withered old woman, and he's a broken-hearted man. Go away, I say, if you've a heart in your bosom, and leave us alone."

"Woman! I must see your master."

Again she remonstrated, but I pushed her aside and had nearly gained the door, when, finding herself overpowered, the old woman cried out:

"Stop! I'll go! Let me go, sir. I'll take your name. You won't come in if he doesn't want you, sir, will you?"

"No; of course not."

The old crone took my card and hobbled off with it. In a few minutes she returned, with an expression of blank amazement upon her wrinkled face. Before she spoke she walked all around me, as if to inspect me at every point. Then, with her gray eyes fixed upon my face, she said slowly and solemnly:

"He—says—you—may—come—in."

Leading the way, and turning around every few steps to look at me again as if I were some supernatural being whom she momentarily expected to see vanish in a cloud of yellow fire, the old woman passed into a damp hall, thence up a rickety staircase, and finally stopped at a door distinguished from the rest by the faint gleams of light that struggled through its chinks.

The old woman rapped at the door with her bony knuckles.

"Come in," cried a feeble voice.

The old woman opened the door, and I entered.

Crouched in an armchair by the fire was a figure as different from the Allen Forrest that I had known, as light is from darkness. For an instant I thought that there must be some mistake, and was on the point of retiring, but at the sound of my footstep he rose from his chair, not without some difficulty, and said in a voice wholly destitute of emotion:

"Edwin Gervaise, what do you want with me?"

The well-remembered voice recalled me, and we stood facing each other. By his mien he showed that he had no interest in the answer to the question he had asked, and that if I had not chosen to respond he would have calmly seated himself again and left me to stand there for countless ages. All concern in the business of life seemed gone from him. He paid no heed to persons or events. The great flood of misfortune that had poured upon him had washed away all traces of his connection with the outer world. I had not determined in myself what the character of our interview should be. The impulse that had led me to his house had not resolved itself into anything definite in regard to my actions when there. Whether the meeting should be one of anxiety or recrimination I could not tell. With the wrong he had done me still lingering in my memory and the thought that he had not yet forgotten the old feelings of rivalry, I counted upon a cool reception and was prepared to meet ice with ice. But when I looked upon his bent and trembling form, his pale face in which grief had ploughed her deepest furrow, his bowed head and snowy locks that something else than years had whitened, I felt, indeed, that his sorrow had been greater than mine, and my heart was softened to him.

Resentment could not abide in the presence of so much misery.

"Edwin Gervaise, what do you want of me?" he said again, in precisely the same tone of voice as before.

"I have come to—to see you, Allen."

"I am a sorry sight to see," he said sadly, with a glance downward at his shriveled limbs; "and for many years I have denied every one. But I see that you do not come with malice."

"No, it would be folly now. We will forget our quarrel."

"I am glad to hear you say that. I wish to be at peace with you ere I die, and I feel already that I have not long to live. There, your hand. Sit down."

He resumed his armchair, and I took a seat on the opposite side of the fire. He leaned his head upon his thin, white hand and gazed at the crackling logs. Neither of us was disposed to speak, and for some time nothing broke the silence of the room but the howling of the wind without and the patter of the rain upon the window-panes.

I looked about the room. It was simply furnished, and betokened in its arrangements the habits of an ascetic. Over the bed hung the portrait of her whom we both had cause to remember so well, and on the table at Forrest's right hand were strewn some letters, in a feminine handwriting, with which he had evidently been engaged prior to my coming. They were yellow with age, these letters, crumpled with much handling and spotted over as if by tears. One had but to look at them to know the story of their solitary pleasure. Only one thing remarkable I noticed in the room. This was the appearance of the walls, which here and there, at the height of a man's head from the floor, were deeply indented. In some places the wall-paper had been torn off, and the crumbling plaster bulged out from its brick base.

When I had finished making these observations I turned again to Forrest. He was still gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"You never leave this room, they tell me," said I. "No," he replied, rousing himself from his reverie. "She died here."

Again he settled himself in his chair, again fixed his eyes steadily upon the fire.

"What—you will not think me inquisitive, Allen?—what was the manner of her death? Its suddenness was always inexplicable to me."

"I will tell you," he said. "I have never breathed a word of it to mortal man—not that I wished to keep it a secret, but because it pained me to talk about it. But you have a right to know. You remember when we were married?"

"Pardon me," he added, noting the change that came over my face, "my own grief makes me forget that others too have suffered. Immediately after the wedding we started for this, my father's house. On the road I was overtaken by a messenger, riding post-haste, who brought me the news of the desperate illness of a rich old uncle living some hundred miles away, together with a summons to instantly attend his bedside. In another envelope was a postscript from the physician in charge, warning me to use all possible dispatch, as he would not answer for the life of my relative for more than forty-eight hours longer. I was nearly distracted by the dilemma in which I was thus placed. This uncle had always been very kind to me. Having no children of his own, he had made a pet of me from boyhood. He had more than once announced his intention of leaving me heir to his vast property. There could be no doubt that he intended to ratify his promise in this last visit. It seemed cruel, even inhuman, to let so good a friend die surrounded only by menials. On the other side stood the beautiful woman who had just been made mine, the bridal kisses yet warm upon her lips. Duty and interest drew me towards my uncle; love held me by my wife. In my sore strait I appealed to Clara for advice and rested the case with her. With that calm wisdom which she seemed ever to possess she counseled me to lose no time in repairing to my uncle. She urged that it would be a pitiful recompense for all his kindness to desert him in his dying hour. Thus strengthening my resolve she induced me to leave her to continue her journey alone. She did not attempt to disguise the pang which the sudden parting cost her, but it was best that we should make the sacrifice, and she, on her side, made it without a murmur. I folded her in my arms in a long embrace, and then hurried away, fearful lest my ardor should get the better of my good intentions and take me back to her. In a few minutes I was being whirled away in an opposite direction. I reached my uncle just in time to receive his farewell blessing and to learn from his own lips that I was henceforth an independently rich man."

"As soon as the last sad rites were over I hastened back to my bride on the wings of the wind. On the way I indulged myself in rosy speculations as to the future. Riches were mine—riches which would command every luxury in life. The wildest whim of my love I could gratify. We would go abroad and seek in foreign lands those soft delights which superior art and refinement afford. Lapped in the lazy airs of Italy we would live and dream of love alone."

"Even though occupied with such blissful thoughts the journey seemed an endless one. At last, however, I reached my father's house. The strange stillness which reigned about the place surprised me. I had expected joyousness and bustle. But everything was quiet, and even the dumb animals seemed to have forsaken their usual avocations. No men servants were stirring in the fields where, ordinarily, all were so busy. As I neared the house I discovered that the shutters of a certain room on the second floor—the Green Chamber we called it; the paper on its walls and its general decorations being of that color—were closed. It was the room which had been set apart for us! Nearer still, and I saw crape on the door. At this a bolt of ice shot through my heart. I

attempted to advance, but seemed rooted to the ground; to cry out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. A shudder ran through my whole body. I gasped and fell.

"When I returned to consciousness I was lying in a bed. A whispered consultation was going on near me."

"Is he any better, doctor?" was said in a voice which I recognized as that of my mother.

"Yes; I think he will soon be able to get up, but he has a hard trial before him. The delirium of the past three weeks has left him very weak, mentally as well as physically, and I fear to have her death mentioned to him again."

"It was true, then. Clara, my life, my love, was dead! And I had been delirious for three weeks! The cold earth hid her from me for ever, and I might not look upon her face again, even in death. I bit my flesh in my agony."

"It was many weeks more before they would tell me any of the details of her death. Then I learned that she had arrived toward evening on the day on which I had left her to go on that ill-fated journey. She appeared to be in perfect health. That night she slept in the green chamber. The next morning she appeared at breakfast looking very pale. My mother, with a woman's quick eye, discovered that she was ailing, and when they were alone together asked her what the matter was. But Clara answered 'Nothing,' and turned the conversation. The next morning she did not appear at breakfast. A servant, sent to look for her, knocked at the door without eliciting any response. The family now became alarmed. The door was broken in. My pretty bride was found dead in her bed, her face distorted and her body twisted as if she had suffered most horrible convulsions."

"When I heard this an awful rage came upon me. I felt like a demon. I cursed my father and mother for letting her die thus under their very roof without aiding her. I accused the whole household of murdering her. I cursed myself for leaving her to their tender mercies on our wedding-day. If I had been near they would not have dared to murder her. I called upon, I besought them in the name of Heaven to give me back my sweet love. At last, prostrated by my own violence, I sobbed myself to sleep."

"When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to move about I insisted upon going into the green chamber, and notwithstanding strenuous opposition on the part of my mother, succeeded in carrying my point. Once here I locked the door and refused to see any one. When dinner-time came my dinner was sent up to me. What my reflections were, alone in the death-chamber, I need not tell you. You can imagine without any assistance from me. In my calmer moments I endeavored to determine what had been the cause of her sudden death. That her death had been a violent one there could be no room for doubt. But who could have killed her? She had not an enemy in the world that I knew of or could imagine. Besides this, how could any one have gained access to the room? On that fatal morning the door was found locked on the inside, and the windows were too high from the ground to admit of an entrance by that means. Wearied with these heavy thoughts I at last threw myself upon the bed and fell asleep."

"Soon, whether in my dreams, or in that strange state of torpor which is neither sleeping or waking, I saw rising before me a green monster whose face was filled with diabolical hate. This horrid figure grew gradually into extraordinary proportions. His hideous head reached the ceiling, and when he stretched out his arms his crooked fingers touched the walls on either side of the room. In his body this creature was formed like a Titan. His great chest looked like an iron wall, and the muscles swelled big on his enormous arms. His eyes were fierce with a savage lustre, and his teeth were long and cruel. The unearthly color of his skin added to the terror with which he inspired me. My soul shivered in affright at the very sight of him. Presently he took a step in advance. As he moved he seemed to pervade the whole room. There was no escape from him. He took another step. I could feel his hot and revolting breath. I saw, too, that he carried in his right hand a bar of iron heated red-hot. Before I had time to look again he leaped suddenly upon me. Crushed by his weight and sickened by his breath which now came upon my very lips, I felt that all resistance would be useless. After glaring at me for a moment thus, the monster fastened his long sharp claws into my breast, and tore my flesh with a hellish delight. I called aloud in my agony for help, but there was no help. The fiend continued to cause me intolerable pains. It seemed as if he were digging for my heart."

"At last, after what seemed to me an age of suffering, he rose, and passing the red-hot iron over my eyes, vanished as suddenly as he had appeared."

"How I survived the night I know not. In the morning I was too weak to rise, and a servant was obliged to carry me back into my old room. I told no one of what had passed."

"At first I attempted to dismiss the matter as an hallucination of my overwrought brain. But the sharp pains in my chest and the soreness of my eyes would not permit of this theory."

"During the day I bribed one of the farm servants to pass the night in the green chamber. He was a great strapping fellow who could have felled an ox at one blow of his fist, but with the superstition of his class he had an antipathy to sleeping in a room in which a death had occurred. A large sum of money, however, quieted his fears; and he finally consented to the experiment. At about midnight he ran into my room, the picture of abject terror, crossing himself as he ran and calling upon the Holy Virgin to protect him."

"Oh murder! murder! oh for the love of God what did you send me in the room for! Oh! I've seen a ghost! a ghost all in green! He jumped upon me, and tore me chist with his iron nails. Oh

murder! what did I go into the room for! No wonder the poor lady died there."

"It was some time before the fellow was sufficiently recovered to give me a connected account of his experience. When he did I found that it corresponded almost exactly with my own."

"There was some mystery about this ghost, then, which could not be attributed to the imagination. This lusty boor had never imagined anything in his life, and yet he had seen the phantom as well as I."

"There happened at this time to be a distinguished physician from New York visiting at one of our neighbors. To him I wrote, saying that I could not trust any of our village doctors, and that I wished to consult with him on a matter of grave importance. He soon came. I told him the symptoms of my complaint, for I still suffered acutely in the chest, and ended by confiding to him the story of my night's experience in the green chamber."

"He requested to be shown to the room in question. I escorted him hither. He had no sooner entered than he complained of the bad air, and threw up a window. He then began to search the apartment. Presently he stopped before a pile of old books in a corner. He brushed one of them off with his hand, as a preliminary to looking into it. When he had done this I noticed a green dust on the tips of his fingers. I called his attention to the fact. He quietly answered:

"I thought so," and stooping down, ran his finger through a ridge of this green dust on the corner of another book. He next tore a scrap of the green paper from the wall."

"I will undertake," said he, "to exorcise the demon who has twice so cruelly made you feel his power."

"What! how, doctor, can it be done?"

"The plan is very simple. You have been poisoned by the arseniate of copper. Luckily, you only endured it one night. In her novel situation, distracted by your absence, and probably afraid of being laughed at for her girlish fears, your wife braved the danger twice and paid the penalty with her life."

"Good God! you do not tell me so! My suspicions then were correct, and she was murdered."

"Murdered, yes, but only indirectly by human hands. This chamber, you tell me, was a long time in disuse, and was only opened after many years, to receive yourself and wife. The color of this wall-paper is a chemical preparation, the base of which is arsenic. Thence comes the dust which I just now shook from those books there. In stirring about the room you put in movement the poisonous particles which have so long found a resting-place on the furniture, the books, the carpet and the bed-curtains. This attacked you by the mouth, the nose and the eyes. Some of it even got into your lungs, and endangered your life. As for the demon, the suffocation from which you suffered and your excited brain gave birth to him. Have every inch of this cursed wall-paper torn off and burnt, the room thoroughly washed and aired, and you may sleep in it with as much impunity as in the white-papered room which we have just left."

"The doctor bowed, and took his departure."

"When he was gone I regretted that I had ever called him. If he had but told me that Clara's murderer was a living being, a man or woman, whom I could have hunted through the world and wreaked my vengeance on at last, it seemed to me that it would have been some assuagement of my griefs. But that that sweet life should be put out by these dumb walls! The thought was maddening, and in my fury I flung myself upon them and beat them until my hands were bruised and bloody."

"But such outbursts could not last for ever, and after a time I settled down to my fate. Move in the world again I could not. Ambition had been seared out of me as with a hot iron. My superabundant wealth made all exertion unnecessary, and I resolved to live henceforth the life of a hermit."

"This room being prepared as the doctor had advised, I moved into it, and here have lived ever since."

"My father and mother died years ago. The servants have all wandered off, for I had no work for them to do, and the old woman whom you saw below is the only soul that shares the solitude of this dreary house with me."

Hardly had Forrest ceased speaking when a terrific peal of thunder broke apparently right over our heads. It was succeeded by a sharp flash of lightning, which cast a lurid glare throughout the room. I started involuntarily at this ominous finale to the sad story I had just heard. Forrest leaped upon his feet. There was a wild look in his eye, and I feared that he might be on the point of committing some desperate act. He walked slowly, and with tottering steps, towards the bed, his eyes fixed upon the portrait which surmounted it.

"I am coming," he said, waving his hand toward the beautiful face. "I am coming—Clara—love—I am coming."

Another deep roar of thunder and a loud crash as if the heavens were falling.

When I looked again Allen Forrest lay prone upon the floor, his hands stretched out in the direction of the picture which he had endeavored to reach.

I hastened to raise him and pour the words of tenderness and consolation into his ear. But it was too late now.

He was dead.

ALARMING stories have been told about people being poisoned with rye coffee; but Mrs. Farington (Shillaber) suggests that some of those who use the extract of old rye in other fluid forms may be subject to quite as much damage as the rye coffee drinkers.

DREAMS.

Wild wandering dreams! in dusky midnight stealing,
Why wake ye thus the memories of the dead?
Spirits departed to our gaze revealing;
Forms that we loved ere life's warm breath had fled,
Ye cannot bring them back, false dreams! then why
Chase ye Sleep's angels from their guardian watch?
Like doves fast fluttering from the hawk away,

With quick dispatch.
Wherefore this mockery?
Wild wandering dreams!

Wizards of night! were yon false phantom shade

A form with life-blood mantling as of yore,
A face whose lips, all trembling, half betrayed
The secret that the eye had told before;
Were the dear image summoned yesternight
(Summoned in mockery) by my side to-day,
With beauty radiant as the stars of night,
Or shimmering lights that on blue ocean play,
Present in mortal guise as long ago,
I'd curse the spell that brought her to me so,

From starry spheres,
To roam with weary steps this vale of tears,
Suffering life's fitful fever through long years,
Then withering go,
Dying again!

Wild midnight revellers! if needs must come
On stars quick tripping—flash the soul away
Where dwell the blest around the Eternal throne;
Show us heaven's raptures; paint eternity;
But hovering earthward wake no memories here

Of loved ones blest!
Let angels tell us how old Time speeds on;
How soon the scytheman comes, and we are gone

To meet them there
And take our rest!

My Fault and Its Punishment.

By Kate Louise Ely.

OUT of doors every tree, and plant, and insect was blessed by the refreshing air and shadow of night, whose cool fingers had sprinkled the tired flowers with diamond dew from the fountain of regeneration, which Lethian draught, once tasted, brought new life and forgetfulness of the past day's scorching sun, which had left them feverish and languid.

Indoors, I, Geraldine Yonge, stood by the open window of my dressing-room, looking out upon this calm summer night, refusing to acknowledge its still charm, and resisting, with my wilful, passionate heart, the hallowed influence of Nature's sermon.

I had been too well loved, too happy—too many blessings had brightened my path, and now, the spoiled favorite of Fortune, I was most assiduously planting thorns in my own heart. Stamping my foot with passion, I turned from the window, and impatiently throwing back the damp hair, which fell like a veil of rippling black around me, exclaimed,

"I will go! Why am I crying here like an idiot?"

The door opened. It was my maid, her arm laden with the rich dress I had been expecting.

"Be quick, Victorine, I am ready," I said.

"Yes, madame; I will dress you in one instant. Madame will go?"

"Certainly I will go," I said, angrily. "Where is my husband?"

"Mr. Yonge is in the parlor reading. He came down from the nursery one minute ago. That Marie, imbecile, try to make him think that *petite* Florence is ill. *C'est ridicule*, that nurse is *malicieuse*; she no wish you to go. That sweet *enfant* is very well."

"Harry does not wish me to go," I replied, madly and foolishly making a confidante of the Frenchwoman. "He said I should not; but if I am his wife, I will show Mr. Yonge that I am not his slave. Mrs. Coster's party is the most distinguished of the season. He shall not keep me from it."

"Oh, *mon dieu*! Mr. Yonge is a monstere cruel; he will keep you like a nun. Madame is too beautiful to submit to jealous whims," said the artful maid.

I sat down entirely decided.

"Give me that bouquet, and dress my hair, Victorine."

The sportsman on the mantel clock had shot twice at a singing bird, showing that two precious hours had died before my elaborate toilette was completed. Then, after a satisfied survey of my blue silk and Mechlin lace, I sprang lightly up the wide staircase to pass a few minutes in the nursery. My child was sleeping in her little bed with flushed cheeks and labored breath. Kissing passionately the baby face, and drawing closer the satin quilt, I asked,

"Do you really think Florence is ill, Marie?"

"She is not well, I fear, madame," replied the nurse, earnestly.

Why did I resist the impulse to throw aside my heartless finery and fly to my husband, beseeching his forgiveness, and with him watch and cherish the little life that God had confided to my care?

But I only said,
"I think it is nothing but a slight cold. I will be back early."

Victorine came to call me:

"Mr. and Mrs. Lane are here to accompany madame."

"Turn down the gas, Marie; it is too bright for baby to sleep well," and I pressed one more kiss on my child's pure brow. She awoke.

"Kiss me more, mamma. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, darling," and I hastened, with beating heart and reproachful conscience, to join my thoughtless friends. How could I leave my sick child and go anywhere without the approval of my husband, expecting to find enjoyment? I almost wished Harry would appear and restrain my departure, but he did not, and I went without one word for him, who had not, till then, believed that his petted wife could so openly spurn and defy his wishes.

The spacious salons of Mrs. Coster's splendid house were thronged with the *crème-de-la-crème* of metropolitan *élite*. There was a constant tide of flashing jewels, lustrous eyes, beautiful women, mingled with music, floating in "invisibly fine festoons," soft voices, dancing feet and fragrant flowers. It was certainly, *par excellence*, one of the most elegant reunions previous to Lent. I was one of the gayest of all that shining crowd; my feet were lightest in the dance, in spite of Harry's oft-repeated opinion that "married ladies should dance only with their husbands," and my power of repartee was unusually brilliant, although fever spots burned on either cheek and my restless mind was ill at ease. Soon my magnificent bouquet of carnations and violets was crushed and dismantled by my left hand that fluttered nervously among the poor flowers until they were destroyed. My extraordinary gaiety hid the revelation of an uneasy conscience. It was our first matrimonial disagreement, you see, and it made me completely miserable.

I thought of the time when Harry Yonge had led me, robed in satin and delicate lace, from smiling parents, to the holy altar. I was then a childish, loving girl, craving all the love of his heart, and delighting to feel a sweet dependence on his affectionate protection, and now this clinging child, spoiled by too much happiness, spurned his tender care and reared herself in superb womanhood, defiantly, in proud opposition, in very waywardness, against the husband of her love, the father of her child. How I wished that I had remained where my wifely and womanly sphere was plainly indicated, with my ailing infant, with him whom I had promised to love and obey. But the evil pride rose again in my heart and created fresh rebellion.

"I will not yield to the tyranny of my husband; he shall see that I dare act for myself."

And I stifled beautiful repentance, and hugged the thorns again to my bosom.

Fred and Adelaide Lane, inveterate pleasure worshippers, stayed very late, but by urgent solicitation I prevailed on them to withdraw before the mass of the company, after I had listened, wearily, for nearly an hour, to the stupid compliments and inanities of Arthur Tilden, a dilettante dandy, whom my husband particularly detested.

"The carriage is ready now, Geraldine, dear," said Mrs. Lane. "Mr. Tilden, give Mrs. Yonge your arm," and so I was, by my own folly, forced to accept his odious attentions as escort.

We were soon at my door; there was a light in the parlor and nursery. Now again I was penitent, and determined to confess my fault and ask for reconciliation and pardon for my wrong and neglect.

Mr. Tilden rang the bell. Victorine opened the door, whispering,

"Ah, madame, the angel, Mademoiselle Florence, is ill with fever."

My husband stood in the back part of the hall with his hand on the parlor door—his face was dark with anger—I brushed in with smiling face and tears in my heart—"Harry!" but he raised his hand to keep me off.

"Who came home with you, Geraldine?"

"I came in Mr. Lane's carriage with Fred and his wife," I answered.

"Who did I see on the steps as you entered—was it not that puppy, Tilden?"

"Mr. Arthur Tilden was kind enough to ring the bell for me," was my frigid answer.

The torrent broke forth.

"And so you dared, Mrs. Yonge, to leave my house at night without my permission, nay, against my express desire, and return at this hour with a fool and a roué. You are loosening the tie that binds us—you are not fitted to be a wife, nor the mother of my child, whom the doctor has just found nursed by hirelings, while the mother was out this evening in search of amusement."

I staggered and nearly fell, and then went proudly up the stairs to my dressing-room, only saying, "When you are calmer, you will regret what you have said. I loved you before, I hate you now."

I would not let my maid undress me, I sent her away, and then tore the jewels from my hair and threw the costly lace-trimmed dress upon the floor, and burst into passionate sobs and storms of tears. This was more than I had expected from him who was always patient and tender. But my grief subsided, I was animated with a new idea. From the bureau I took all my jewels and laces; from the wardrobes I took all my rich dresses and laid them in a splendid pile. I arranged separately all the books, bijoux, and presents that love had bestowed upon me—he had received me poor, and poor I should depart. I hardened my heart against him, and opened the papier-mâché writing-case he had given me one birthday, and wrote:

"HENRY—You have spoken to me this night as no man must. You have said I am no mother to my child—you shall fill my place and your own. Do not teach her to hate me. Farewell, and when you are calmly thinking, remember that you have driven from home and friends her whom you swore to love and cherish."

GERALDINE.

I sealed this note and placed it upon the marble slab beneath the mirror—then I selected from my

wardrobe a dress of dark thick material, and throwing a shawl about my shoulders, I paced the room till morning shone palely through the closed shutters. I stole up to the nursery to bid my babe farewell, but the door was locked and I silently returned. The only precious thing I retained was a diamond-studded locket containing exquisite miniatures of my husband and child. I placed the chain about my neck, and concealing my features beneath a thick veil, crept stealthily down the stairs and out of the front door. I cast one backward look at all that I was leaving. The house looked sad and still in the gray morning light, and the dew hung on all the vine-leaves that wreathed the iron balcony which extended completely around it. I could almost believe the roses and honeysuckles were weeping for my flight. A great sob burst bitterly from me, for I had lost his love; and then I sped onward.

Up-town, in a quiet street, lived my cousin Laura, my only relative; thither I turned my steps. I knew that her husband was not in town, and she would keep my secret. She was a timid, delicate thing, and I could frighten her into a solemn promise not to betray me.

When I reached there a servant was just opening a shutter—my cousin had not risen. I went into the parlor to wait for her. I picked up a book and threw myself upon a sofa—but soon slept from exhaustion. I was awakened by a scream—it was Laura—the servant had not told her of my arrival, and she was startled and surprised—she looked like a ghost of some unhappy being as she stood in her white muslin wrapper wringing her hands and pale as death.

"Why, Geraldine, what has happened, what is the matter?" she managed to utter.

I spoke excitedly and fast.

"I have no home now, Laura; no husband, no child; I have lost his love—it was all a dream—you must conceal me for a day or two till I can do something. I shall be away before Ralph returns."

I told her all the long story, and she wept with me, and promised that she would keep my secret on condition that she should always know where I was.

About nine o'clock the bell was nervously jerked off by Harry—he rushed in violently excited. Laura went down to the parlor trembling, and trying to recollect what I had told her to say.

"Mrs. Everett, you have seen my wife," began Harry.

"I have," she answered, coldly.

"She is here?"

"No sir," said poor Laura.

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"She said she was about to leave the city."

"Did she tell you all?"

"She told me there had been a disagreement, but did not acquaint me with any particulars."

"Oh, Geraldine, poor child, I will find you. Can you give me no clue, Mrs. Everett?"

"I am unable to do so," replied Laura, icily, and Harry went out distracted, banging the door so that the whole house was shaken. Who suffered the most, I wonder, during the dark days that came after?

A lady friend of Laura, during a call one morning, expressed a desire to engage a governess for her children who had always been taught at home. I urged Laura to solicit the position for me without making known any of my previous history. The result was, that I became the instructress of two sweet little girls of eleven and fourteen years.

We were at the piano one forenoon when I heard a familiar voice in the hall ask:

"Who sings so divinely, is it a spirit or mortal?"

There was no mistaking the drawing affection of those tones. It was Arthur Tilden.

Katie, my younger pupil, sprang from the instrument, opened the door, and answered gaily,

"It is our governess, Miss Yancey"—(I had assumed my maiden name)—then, quick as thought, she locked the door and danced back to me.

"We don't want intruders, do we, Miss Yancey?"

I chid the child for her rudeness, but mentally determined to fly from the new danger that menaced me.

In our afternoon walk I stopped at the post-office and pretended to receive a letter of importance; that evening I informed my patroness that I should be obliged to leave her family, owing to a sudden bereavement. So with real regret and loud lamentations of my scholars, I was once more without a home.

That evening I went secretly to see Laura. She told me that my baby—my little Florence was very ill, and had suffered ever since the miserable night that I left my home. I hired a room in a quiet family, and supported myself by embroidery, in which I excelled. Weeping over my deserted child, with bitter memories tugging at my heart, I sewed and sewed, and wrought the cunning tracery of silken fabrics with delicate ingenuity that repaid me well.

One desolate night I could restrain myself no longer, and I determined to look once more on my lost home which I had left six weary months before. It seemed as though I had been absent for six years. Enveloping myself in a shapeless mantle, I passed out into the gloomy night, and with footsteps swift and light with excitement soon reached the house. I crept through the shrubbery to the garden; some servants were enjoying themselves in the kitchen, never dreaming that the miserable wife of their master beheld and envied their merriment. The windows of the back parlor were open, and the shutters slanted, so that I could see within. I went upon the balcony; my husband sat before a centre-table with shaded gaslight, looking over some papers in a portfolio. It was mine—I recognized it immediately. I could almost feel his breath; the tears rose to my eyes, he looked so sad and pale and weary. He raised a leaf of manu-

script and read in such a sorrowful, penetrating voice—how I caught every word—

"This morn the bright October sun made gay
The mourning robes of Autumn; and the earth
Seemed almost joyous in its ripe beauty,
Weeping not as I, that the chilling breath
Of stern old winter, soon, alas! would rob
The trees of even their sad apparel;
Splendid, though sad, this brightness ere decay;
The brilliant hues speak with loud tongues to me
Of the great change of frail mortality
From life to death."

I looked upon the scene,
And just beneath the open casement saw
A woman stranger in these parts. Her face
Was beautiful, but pride and hate did seem
To struggle on that field that they might gain
Victory o'er woman's softer nature.
I spoke, and as she turned her troubled eyes
Upon me suddenly, I cried, "Tell me,
My sister, if I can do thee service?"
Throwing the bright and waving auburn mass
Back from her forehead, she answered fiercely,
But changed to a deep cry of agony
As if she gathered sympathy from me,

"Oh bitter world! long years ago, a child
Was born. To what? A life of woe. Its joy,
Its only joy, was in the helpless time
Of infancy, before the dimpled hands
Could clasp the Book of Fate, or the babe's eyes
Could read the characters graved there which tell
The bitterness coming with existence,
Before it learned to drink of Reason's fount
The draught that poisons all the future years,
Which tasted once, cannot be dashed aside,
But must be drained e'en though the dregs are
Death!"

Look up to Heaven! But the mist is dense,
Not even the luminous star of Hope
Can pierce the opaque atmosphere. The child
Grown up to womanhood, in the darkness
Groveling still, awaits her destiny;
My home, my faith and hope of Heaven lost,
My soul, my life, my love, all sold! sold! sold!"

The rich voice ceased, and while I tried to speak
The bright uncovered head among the trees
Was lost, as the unquiet spirit fled,
Awaiting not compassion or response."

The exquisitely sympathetic voice ceased. I was leaning against the shutter like a dark shadow, without power or movement, silently weeping. He spoke again with faint, choked utterance, "My wife! oh, Geraldine, oh, love! God help me! may I never find you?" I sobbed aloud. My husband rose, and with his first movement, like a broken charm, the black shadow glided from the balcony, past the murmuring fountains, out through the fading bushes, till I stood alone and desolate in the still street, wearily toiling back to my little room, where I arrived trembling and breathless.

That sleepless night I was thinking, thinking, thinking until St. Peter's clock greeted the advent of pale morn. I would do a sublime act and set at liberty my noble husband, who still remembered and pitied me. And my child, how my poor heart yearned for a sight of her sweet face—for one of her loving words and caresses. But my resolution was made, I would never see them more, would place an iron wall between us, and I could pray that Harry might find some one more worthy of him, and in believing me dead, sever himself from the past, and perhaps find that life to him might not prove the bitter draught that I would drink of.

Two days from then, the morning papers had among the deaths:

"In Cuba, W. I. Geraldine, daughter of the late Richard Yancey, and wife of Henry Yonge, Esq., of New York."

I had signed my own condemnation to banishment and lifelong misery, but I thought I had acted rightly and generously.

For weeks I lay sick and nervous, unable to rise or leave my narrow room. I lived a lifetime in my desolate grief. I had sold the shawl which I wore in my flight from home—it happened to be a valuable one—an India camel's hair that I had taken by chance. The sum realized in this way sufficed for my few wants, and I felt that I should need no more, for I was weak and sinking daily lower, and with a kind of apathetic satisfaction at the idea of approaching death, I made not the least effort to arouse myself from this state.

A change came, I realized a calm joy. I felt that ere the morning sun rose high enough to look into my bedroom I should have passed to the unknown land—should have crossed the rapid river on whose bosom floated all my hopes. From the other side of the stream I could watch my beloved ones and be their attendant spirit, to warn them of any evil that should menace them and lead them onward and upward to those bright shores where we should be again united, God having accepted my penitential prayers and tears. I could see the glittering wings of angel guides. "Lord be merciful unto me a sinner"—alone—I am going—my feet touch the dark waters. Help!—I sink beneath the flood. Save, Lord, or I perish—where no sorrow is—where he wipeth away all tears—receive—

Ah, ye have recalled me back to myself; my spirit was struggling in its prison walls.

"Open the door—open the door—Geraldine—it is I, Laura. Open the door, dear, quickly!"

I had started from the couch with wild eyes and parted lips; I was seized with fever, and then icy chills and trembling. Why had she kept me from going home—why did she call me back? Then floods of thoughts rushed madly through my brain, a sharp pain in my heart—and I live—and suffer.

"Open the door, Geraldine, I have news for you."

(Concluded on page 142.)

A NUMBER of odd epitaphs are going the round of the press. The following upon a tombstone in the cemetery near Cincinnati, is worthy of being placed among the number:

"Here lies —, who came to this city and died, for the benefit of his health."



BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, SUNDAY, MAY 3—GENERAL HOOKER—PULSING BACK



LSING
ACK OF THE ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR 'SPECIAL' ARTIST, MR. EDWIN FORBES.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY CAROLINE EVANS.

In pleasant fields I wandered forth,
So gay I was and wild,
My heart with joy was bounding high—
I seemed again a child.
And to my ear came soft and clear,
The sound of sweet bells ringing—
For it was in the month of May,
And all the flowers were springing.

The silent sunshine seemed so glad
Upon that happy day,
As though no cloud could cast its shade
To gloom our smiling way.
And never songs were half so sweet
As those the birds were singing,
Upon that merry morn in May,
When all the flowers were springing.

How safe I felt when tender arms
I felt around me twine,
I scarcely dared to meet the eyes
Raised lovingly to mine.
My heart rose up in hymns of joy,
Like those the birds were singing—
Upon that well remembered day,
When all the flowers were springing.

But now the gloomy autumn's come,
The flowers all withered lie,
Too like the hopes that bloomed with them,
They fade, and droop, and die.
No birds are warbling on the thorn,
No evening bells are ringing,
No more it is the month of May,
And not a flower is springing.

Yet still I wander through the fields
Whose vernal beauty's o'er,
But now no hand is clasped in mine,
I meet those eyes no more.
Ah! darkened is their tender light,
Their gaze I'll never see,
For stilled is the brave heart that beat
So lovingly for me.

And when the dreary winter's o'er
Again the flowers will bloom,
Again the joyous birds will sing,
The air will breathe perfume.
And though their beauty cannot wake
The slumbering good and brave,
The fragrant flowers will gem the grass
That waves above his grave.

Ah, would that I might share with him
His dark and lonely bed,
For me no terror has the grave,
For all I loved is dead.
And never more will glad my ear
The tones of sweet bells ringing,
No more I long for balmy May,
When all the flowers are springing.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHEMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—RICHARD THORNTON'S PROMISE.

ELEANOR VANE looked very sadly at all the common, every-day sights connected with the domestic economy of the Pilasters, when she went back to Bloomsbury, after her interview with Mrs. Bannister. She had only lived a year and a-half in that humble locality, but it was in her nature to become quickly attached to places as well as persons, and she had grown very fond of the Pilasters. Everybody about the place knew her and loved her. The horses looked out of their open stable doors as she passed; the dogs came tumbling from their kennels, dragging half-a-dozen yards of rusty iron chain and a heap of straw at their heels, to greet her as she went by; the chimney-sweeps' children courted her notice; and at all the little shops where she had been wont to give orders and pay bills for the signora, the simple tradespeople tendered her their admiration and homage. Her beauty was a prize to the worthy citizens of the Pilasters. Could all Bloomsbury, from Dudley street to the Squares, produce sunnier golden hair or brighter gray eyes than were to be seen under the shadow of the dilapidated colonnade when Eleanor Vane went by?

In this atmosphere of love and admiration the girl had been very happy. She had one of those natures in which there lies a wondrous power of assimilation with the manners and habits of others. She was never out of place; she was never in the way. She was not ambitious. Her sunny temperament was the centre of perpetual peace and happiness, only to be disturbed by very terrible thunder-claps of grief and trouble. She had been very happy with the signora; and to-day, when she looked round the little sitting-room, her eyes resting sadly now on the old piano, now on a shelf of tattered books, romances dear to Richard and herself, and not too well treated by either; now on the young man's flaming *magnum opus*, the picture she had loved to criticise and abuse in mischievous enjoyment of the painter's anguish; now as she looked at these things, and remembered how soon she must go away from them, the slow tears trickled down her cheeks, and she stood hopeless, despondent on the gloomy threshold of her new life.

She had found the familiar rooms empty upon her return from Bayswater, for the signora was away teaching beyond the regions of the New Road, and Richard was hard at work at the Phoenix, where there were always new pieces to be produced and new scenes to be painted. Eleanor had the little sitting-room all to herself; she took off her bonnet and sat down upon the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa. She buried her head in the cushions and tried to think.

The prospect of a new existence, which would have been delightful to most girls of her age, was utterly distasteful to her. Her nature was achingly; she would have gone to the furthest end of the world with her father if he had lived, or with Richard and the signora, whom she loved only less than she had loved him. But to sever every tie, and go out alone into the world with nothing between her and desolation, was unspeakably terrible to this affectionate, impulsive girl.

If it had been simply a question of her own advantage, if by the sacrifice of her own advancement, her every prospect in life, she might have stayed with the friends she loved, she would not have hesitated for a moment. But it was not so. Mrs. Bannister had clearly told her that she was a burden upon these generous people who had sheltered and succored her in her hour of misery. The cruel word pauperism had been flung in her teeth, and with a racking brain this poor girl set herself to calculate how much her maintenance cost her friends, and how much she was able to contribute out of her own pitiful earnings.

Alas! the balance told against her when the sum was done. Her earnings were very, very small as yet; not because her talent was unappreciated, but because her pupils were poor, and a music-mistress, whose address was Bloomsbury Pilasters, could scarcely demand high payment for her services, or hope to obtain a very aristocratic connection.

No, Mrs. Bannister—stern, uncompromising and disagreeable as the truth itself—had no doubt been right. Her duty lay before her, plainly indicated by that unpleasant monitor. She was bound to leave these dear friends, and to go out into the world to fight a lonely battle for herself.

"I may be able to do something for them," she thought; and this thought was the only gleam of light which illumined the darkness of her sorrow. "I may be able to save money enough to buy the signora a black silk dress, and Richard a meerschaum. I should so like to buy Dick a meerschaum; I know the one he'd like—a bulldog's head, with a silver collar round the neck. We looked at it one night at a shop in Holborn."

She rose from the sofa at last with an aching heart and troubled brain, when the early shadows of the spring twilight were gathering in the room. She made up the fire and swept the hearth, and arranged the tea things on the comfortable round table, and then sat down on a low stool by the fender to toast great rounds of bread which would be as nothing in comparison to Richard's all-devouring capacity after a hard day's work in the scene-room at the Phoenix. How pleasant it was to perform all these little familiar offices of love and duty. How sorrowfully she looked back to her simple, free-and-easy life, now that she was to go amongst strangers who would exact all manner of ceremonious observances from her. The Bohemianism of her existence had been its greatest charm, and this poor benighted girl trembled at the prospect of a life in which she would have to go through all those terrible performances which she had read of, fearfully and wonderingly, in certain erudite essays upon Etiquette, but which had never yet come within the range of her experiences.

"It is my duty to go away from them," she kept saying to herself; "it is my duty to go away."

She had schooled herself in this difficult duty by the time her friends came home, and she told them very quietly that she had seen Mrs. Bannister, and had agreed to accept her patronage and services.

"I am going to be a sort of companion or musical governess—I scarcely know which—to a young lady at a country house called Hazlewood," she said. "Don't think I am not sorry to leave you, dear signora, but Hortensia says it is better that I should do so."

"And don't think that I am not sorry to lose you, Nelly, when I tell you that I think your sister is right," the signora answered gently, as she kissed her protégée.

Perhaps Eleanor was a little disappointed at this reply. She little dreamed how often Elisa Piccirillo had struggled against the selfishness of her affection, before she had grown thus resigned to this parting.

Mr. Richard Thornton groaned aloud.

"I shall go out and pull down a couple of the Pilasters, and bury myself under them à la Sampson," he said, piteously. "What is to become of us without you, Eleanor? Who will come over to the Phoenix, and applaud my great scenes with the ferule of an umbrella? Who'll cut up half-quartern loaves into toast when I am hungry, or have Welsh rabbits in readiness on the hob when I come home late at night? Who'll play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' to me, and darn my stockings and sew buttons—absurd institutions, invented by ignorant people who have never known the blessing of pins—upon my shirts? Who'll abuse me when I go unshaven, or recommend blacking as an embellishment for my boots? Who'll career in and out of the room with a dirty white French poodle at her heels, looking like a fair-haired Esmeralda with a curly-coated goat? What are we to do without you, Eleanor?"

There was a sharp pain at poor Dick's heart as he apostrophised his adopted sister. Were his feelings quite brotherly? was there no twinge of the fatal torture so common to mankind mingled with this young man's feelings as he looked at the beautiful face opposite to him, and remembered how soon it would have vanished from that shabby chamber, leaving only dismal emptiness behind?

The signora looked at her nephew and sighed. Yes, it was far better that Eleanor should go away. She could never have grown to love this honest-hearted, candid, slovenly scene-painter, whose coat was a perfect landscape in distemper by reason of the many colored splashes which adorned it.

"My poor Dick would have fallen in love with her, and would have broken his good, honest heart," Elisa Piccirillo said. "I'm very glad she's going away."

So from the road which destiny had appointed for her to tread there was not one voice to call Eleanor Vane aside. The affectionate and the indifferent alike conspired to urge her onward. It was only her own inclination that would have held her back.

"If I could have stayed in London," she thought, "there might have been some chance of my meeting that man. All scamps and villains come to hide themselves in London. But in a quiet country village I shall be buried alive. When I pass the threshold of Mrs. Darrell's house, I bid goodbye to the hope of crossing that man's pathway."

The letter came very quickly from Mrs. Bannister. Mrs. Darrell had accepted her dear friend's recommendation, and was ready to receive Miss Vincent. It was under this name the stockbroker's widow had introduced her half-sister to the notice of her friend.

"You will receive a salary of thirty pounds a year," Hortensia Bannister wrote, "and your duties will be very light. Do not forget that your name at Hazlewood is to be Vincent, and that you are carefully to avoid all reference to your father. You will be amongst people who knew him well, and must, therefore, be on your guard. I have described you as the orphan daughter of a gentleman who died in reduced circumstances, and have thus strictly adhered to the truth. No questions will be asked of you, as Mrs. Darrell is satisfied with my recommendation, and is too well bred to feel any vulgar curiosity as to your past history. I send you, per parcel delivery, a box of dresses and other wearing apparel, which will be of use to you. I also send you five pounds for such little extra expenditure as may be necessary. Hazlewood is thirty miles from London, and about seven from Windsor. You will go down by the Great Western and stop at Slough, where a conveyance will meet you; but I will write further upon this matter before you go. Mrs. Darrell has kindly accorded you a fortnight's delay for such preparations as you may require to make. You will be expected at Hazlewood on the 6th of April."

"I have only one other remark to make. I know that your father cherished a foolish notion upon the subject of the Woodlands property. Pray bear in mind that no such idea has ever been entertained by me. I know the Darrell family quite well enough to feel assured that they will take care of their own rights, which I am content to acknowledge. Remember, therefore, that I have no wish or expectation with regard to Maurice de Crespigny's will, but it is, on the other hand, perfectly true, that in his youth he did make a solemn promise that, in the event of his dying a bachelor, he would leave that money to my father or his heirs."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of this final paragraph in her sister's letter. Who cared for Maurice de Crespigny's fortune? What was the good of it now? It could not bring her father back to life; it could not blot out that quiet, unwitnessed death-scene in the Parisian café; it could not rehabilitate the broken name, or restore the shattered life. What could it matter who inherited the vile and useless dress?

The fortnight passed in a feverish unsatisfactory manner. Richard and the signora took care to conceal the poignancy of their regret at parting with the gay-hearted girl, who had brought such new brightness into their narrow lives. Eleanor wept by stealth; dropping many bitter tears over her work, as she remodelled Mrs. Bannister's silk dresses, reducing those garments to the dimensions of her own girlish figure. The last night came by—and-by, the night of the 5th of April, that eve of a sorrowful parting and the beginning of a new existence.

It happened to be a Sunday evening, and Eleanor and Richard walked out together in the quiet Bloomsbury streets while the bells were ringing for evening service, and the lamps glimmered dimly from the church windows. They chose the loneliest streets in the old-fashioned middle-class quarter. Eleanor was very pale, very silent. This evening walk had been her express desire, and Richard watched her wonderingly. Her face had an expression which he remembered in the Rue l'Archevêque, when he had told her the story of her father's death—an unnaturally rigid look, strangely opposed to the changeful brightness common to that youthful countenance.

They had strolled slowly hither and thither in the deserted streets for some time. The bells had ceased ringing, and the church-goers had all disappeared. The gray twilight was stealing into the streets and squares, and the lights began to shine out from the lower windows.

"How quiet you are, Nelly," Richard said at last; "why were you so anxious that we should come out together alone, my dear? I fancied you had something particular to say to me."

"I have something particular to say."

"What about?" asked Mr. Thornton.

He looked thoughtfully at his companion. He could only see her profile—that clearly defined, almost classical outline—for she had not turned towards him when she spoke. Her gray eyes looked straight before her into empty space, and her lips were tightly compressed.

"You love me, don't you, Richard?" she asked presently, with a suddenness that startled the scene-painter.

Poor Dick blushed crimson at that alarming inquiry. How could she be so cruel as to ask him such a question? For the last fortnight he had

been fighting with himself—Heaven knows how sturdily and honestly—in the heroic desire to put away this one fatal thought from his mind; and now the girl for whose sake he had been doing battle with his own selfishness, strikes the tenderest of all chords with her ignorant hand, and wounds her victim to the very quick.

But Miss Vane had no consciousness of the mischief she had done. Coquetry was an unknown science to this girl of seventeen. In all matters connected with that womanly accomplishment she was as much a child now that her seventeenth birthday was past, as she had been in the old days at Chelsea when she had upset Richard's color-boxes and made grotesque copies of his paintings.

"I know you love me, Dick," she continued, "quite as much as if I were your real sister, instead of a poor desolate girl who flung herself upon you and yours in the day of her affliction. I know you love me, Dick, and would do almost anything for my sake, and I wanted to speak to you to-night alone, because I am going to say something that would distress the dear signora if she were to hear it."

"What is it, my dear?"

"You remember the story of my father's death?"

"Only too well, Eleanor."

"And you remember the vow I made when you told me that story, Richard?"

The young man hesitated.

"Yes, I do remember, Nelly," he said, after a pause, "but I had hoped that you had forgotten that foolish vow. For it was foolish, you know, my dear, as well as unwomanly," the young man added gravely.

Eleanor's eyes flashed defiance upon her friend, as she turned to him for the first time that evening.

"Yes," she cried, "you thought that I had forgotten, because I was not always talking of that man who caused my father's death. You thought my sorrow for my father was only childish grief, that was to be forgotten when I turned my back upon the country where he lies in his abandoned grave—his unconsecrated grave, poor dear! You thought that nobody would ever try to avenge the poor, lonely old man's murder—for it was a murder, Richard Thornton! What did the wretch who robbed him care for the anguish of the heart he broke? What did he care what became of his victim? It was as base and cruel a murder as was ever done upon this earth, Richard, though the world would not call it by that name."

"Eleanor, my dear Eleanor, why do you talk of these things?"

The girl's voice had risen with the vehemence of her passion, and Richard Thornton dreaded the effect which this kind of conversation might have upon her excitable nature.

"Nelly, my dear," he said, "it would be better to forget all this. What good can you do by cherishing these painful recollections? You are never likely to meet this man; you do not even know his name. He was a scamp and an adventurer, no doubt; he may be dead by this time. He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law, and he may be in prison or transported."

"He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law," repeated Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he may have committed some crime for which he could be punished."

"Could he be punished by the law for having cheated my father at cards?"

"That sort of charge is always difficult to be proved, Nelly; impossible to be proved after the fact. No, I'm afraid the law could never touch him for that."

"But if he were to commit some other crime, he might be punished?"

"Of course."

"If I met him, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane with a dangerous light kindling in her eyes, "I would try and lure him on to commit some crime, and then turn round upon him and say, 'The law of the land could not avenge my father's death, but it can punish you for a lesser crime. I have twisted the law to my own purpose, and made it redress my father's wrongs.'"

Richard Thornton stared aghast at his companion.

"Why, Eleanor," he exclaimed, "you talk like a Red Indian! This is quite shocking. You frighten me, really; you do indeed."

"I am sorry for that, Richard," Miss Vane answered meekly. She was a child in all things which concerned her affections alone. "I wouldn't grieve you or the dear signora for the world. But there are some things that are stronger than ourselves, Richard, and the oath that I took a year and a-half ago in the Rue l'Archevêque is one of those things. I have never forgotten, Dick. Night after night—though I've been happy and light-hearted enough in the day, Richard dear, for I could not be otherwise than happy with you and the signora—night after night I have lain awake thinking of my father's death. If that death had been a common one, if he had died in my arms at the will of God instead of by the cruelty of a wretch, my grief might have worn itself out by this time. But as it is, I cannot forget; I cannot forgive. If all the Christian people in the world were to talk to me, I could never have one merciful feeling towards this man. If he were going to be hung to-morrow, I should be glad, and could walk barefoot to the place of his execution to see him suffer. There is no treachery that I should think base if employed against him. There is no slow torture I could inflict upon him that would seem cruel enough to satisfy my hatred of him. Think what a helpless old man my father was; a broken-down gentleman; the sort of man whom everybody pities, whom everybody respects. Remember this; and then remember the cold-blooded deliberation of the wretch who cheated him out of the money which was more than money to him—"

which represented honor—honesty—his child's future—all he valued. Remember the remorseless cruelty of the wretch who looked on while this helpless old man suffered a slow agony of six or seven hours' duration, and then left him alone in his misery and desolation. Think of this, Richard Thornton, and don't wonder any longer if my feelings toward this man are not Christ-an-like."

"My dear Eleanor, if I regret the vehemence of your feelings upon this subject, I do not defend the man whose treachery hurried your father to his unhappy death; I only wish to convince you of the folly you commit in cherishing these ideas of vengeance and retribution. Life is not a three-volume novel or a five-act play, you know, Nelly. The sudden meetings and strange coincidences common in novels are not very general in our every-day existence. It is not at all likely that in the whole course of your life you will ever again encounter this man. From the moment of your father's death all clue to him was lost; for it was only your father who could have told us who and what he was, or, at least, who and what he represented himself to be. He is lost in the vast chaos of humanity now, my dear, and you have not the faintest clue by which you might hope to find him. For Heaven's sake, then, abandon all thoughts of an impossible revenge. Have you forgotten the words we heard in the Epistle a few weeks ago: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' If the melo-dramatic revenge of the stage is not practicable in real life, we know, at least, my dear—for you see we have it from very high authority—that wicked deeds do not go unpunished. Far away at the remotest limits of the earth, this man, whom your puny efforts would be powerless to injure, may suffer for his crime. Try and think of this, Eleanor."

"I cannot," answered the girl. "The letter which my father wrote to me before he died was a direct charge which I will never disobey. The only inheritance I received from him was that letter; that letter in which he told me to avenge his death. I dare say you think me mad as well as wicked, Richard; but in spite of all you have said, I believe that I shall meet this man!"

The scene-painter sighed and relapsed into despondent silence. How could he argue with this girl? What could he do but love and admire her, and entrust himself to her direction if she had need of a slave. While he was thinking this, Eleanor clasped both her hands upon his arm and looked up earnestly in his face.

"Richard, dear," she said in a low voice, "I think you would serve me if you had the power."

"I would go through fire and water to do so, Nelly."

"I want you to help me in this matter. You know as little of this man as I do, but you are much cleverer than me. You mix with other people and see something of the world; not much, I know, but still a great deal more than I do. I am going away into a quiet country place, where there is no possible chance of meeting this man; you will stay in London—"

"Where I may brush against him in the streets any day, Nell, without being a shade the wiser as to his identity. My dear child, for any practical purpose you will be as near the man in Berkshire as I shall be in Bloomsbury. Don't let's talk of him, any longer, Nelly. I can't tell you how this subject distresses me."

"I won't leave off talking of him," said the young lady, resolutely, "until you have made me a promise."

"What promise?"

"That if ever you do come across any clue which may lead to the identification of the man I want to find, you will follow it up, patiently and faithfully, sparing neither trouble nor cost; for my sake, Richard, for my sake. Will you promise?"

"I will, my dear," Mr. Thornton answered. "I do promise, and I will keep my promise honestly if ever the chance of doing so should come to me. But I must tell you frankly, Nell, I don't believe it ever will."

"Bless you for the promise, notwithstanding, Richard," Eleanor said, warmly. "It has made me much happier. There will be two people henceforth, instead of one, set against this man."

A dark frown overshadowed her face. It seemed as if she had uttered those last few words in the form of a threat and a defiance, which the man, whoever he was, and wherever he was, might hear.

"You know all the strange things they say now about second sight, clairvoyance, odic force, magnetic attraction—all sorts of long words whose meaning I don't understand, Richard—I wonder sometimes if this man knows that I hate him, and that I am watching for him, thinking of him, praying to meet him day and night. Perhaps he does know this, and will hold himself on his guard against me, and try and avoid me."

Richard shrank from entering upon this subject; the conversation had been altogether disagreeable to him. There was a horrible discrepancy between this girl's innocent youthful beauty and all this determined talk of fierce and eager vengeance, which would have been more natural to a Highland or Corsican chieftain than to a young lady of seventeen.

It was dark now, and they went back to the Pilasters, where Eliza Piccirillo was spending that last night very sadly. The shabby room was only illumined by the glimmer of a low fire, for the signora had not cared to light the candles until her two children came home. She had been sitting by the dingy window watching for their return, and had fallen asleep in the darkness.

There is no need to dwell upon that last night. It was like the eyes of all partings, very sad, very uncomfortable. Everything was disorganized by that approaching sorrow. Conversation was desultory and forced, and Richard was glad to be employed in cording Eleanor's boxes. She had two trunks now, and had a wardrobe that seemed to her

magnificent, so liberally had Mrs. Bannister bestowed her cast-off dresses upon her half-sister.

So the last night passed away, the April morning came, and Eleanor's new life began.

CHAPTER XII. GILBERT MONCKTON.

ELEANOR VANE was not to go down to Berkshire alone. The beginning of her new life, that terrible beginning which she had so much dreaded, was to make her acquainted with new people.

She had received the following communication from Mrs. Darrell:

"HAZLEWOOD, April 3d, 1855.
"Madam: As it would of course be very improper for a young lady of your age to travel alone, I have provided against that contingency."

"My friend, Mr. Monckton, has kindly promised to meet you in the first-class waiting-room at the Great Western Station, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. He will drive you here on his way home."

"I am, madam,
Yours faithfully,
"ELLEN DARRELL."

Eliza Piccirillo worked harder upon a Monday than on any other day in the week. She left the Pilasters immediately after an early breakfast, to go upon a wearisome round amongst her pupils. Richard was in the thick of the preparations for a new piece, so poor Eleanor was obliged to go alone to the station, to meet the stranger who had been appointed as her escort to Hazlewood.

She quite broke down when the time came for bidding farewell to her old friend. She clung about the signora, weeping unrestrainedly for the first time.

"I can't bear to go away from you," she sobbed piteously, "I can't bear to say good-bye."

"But my love," the music-mistress answered tenderly, "if you really don't wish to go—"

"No, no, it isn't that. I feel that I must go—that—"

"And I too, my dear girl. I believe you would do very wrong in refusing this situation. But Nelly, my darling, remember that this is only an experiment. You may not be happy at Hazlewood. In that case you will not fail to remember that your home is always here; that come to it when you may, you will never fail to find a loving welcome; and that the friends you leave behind you here are friends whom nothing upon earth can ever estrange from you. Remember this, Eleanor."

"Yes, yes, dear, dear signora."

"If I could have gone with her to the station I shouldn't have cared so much," Richard murmured despondently, "but the laws of Spavin and Cromshaw are as the laws of Draco. If I don't get on with the Swiss chalet and moonlit Alpine peaks, the new piece can't come out on Monday."

So poor Eleanor went to the station alone, and was overcharged by the cabman who carried the two trunks which Richard had neatly addressed to Miss Vincent, Hazlewood, Berks.

She was received by a civil porter, who took charge of her luggage, while she went to the waiting-room to look for the stranger who was to be her escort.

She was no more a coquette than she had been nearly two years before, when she travelled alone between London and Paris, and she was prepared to accept the services of this stranger quite as frankly as she had accepted the care and protection of the elderly gentleman who had taken charge of her on that occasion.

But how was she to recognise the stranger. She could not walk to every gentleman in the waiting-room, to ask him if he were Mr. Monckton.

She had in almost all her wanderings travelled in second-class carriages, and waited in second-class waiting-rooms. She shrank back, therefore, rather timidly upon the threshold of the spacious carpeted saloon, and looked a little nervously at the occupants of that gorgeous chamber. There was a group of ladies near the fireplace, and two or three gentlemen in different parts of the room. One of these gentlemen was a little man with gray hair and a red face; the other was very young and very sandy; the third was a tall man of about forty, with close-cut black hair, and a square massive face and head, not exactly a handsome face, perhaps, but a countenance not easily to be overlooked.

This tall man was standing near one of the windows, reading a newspaper. He looked up as Eleanor pushed open the swinging door.

"I wonder which of them is Mr. Monckton," she thought. "Not that fidgety young man with the red hair, I hope."

While she still stood doubtfully upon the threshold, hesitating what to do—she little knew what a pretty picture she made in that timid, fluttering attitude—the tall man threw down his newspaper upon the sofa beside him, and walked across the room to where she stood.

"Miss Vincent, I believe?" he said.

Eleanor blushed at the sound of that false name, and then bent her head in reply to the question. She could not say yes. She could not fall into this disagreeable falsehood all at once.

"I am Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser, Mr. Monckton," the gentleman said quietly, "and I shall be very happy to perform the duty she has entrusted to me. We are in very good time, Miss Vincent. I know that young ladies are generally ultra punctual upon these occasions, and I came very early in order to anticipate you, if possible."

Eleanor did not speak. She was looking furtively at the face of Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser. A good and wise adviser, Miss Vane thought: for the face, not strictly handsome, seemed to bear in its every feature the stamp of three qualities—oddness, wisdom and strength.

"I am sure he is very good," she thought; "but I would not like to offend him for the world, for though he looks so kind now, I know he must be terrible when he's angry."

She looked almost fearfully at the strongly-marked black eyebrows, thinking what a stormy

darkness must overshadow the massive face when they contracted over the grave, brown eyes—serious and earnest eyes, but with a latent fire lurking somewhere in their calm depths, Eleanor thought.

The girl's mind rambled on thus while she stood by the stranger's side in the sunlit window. Already the blankness of her new life was broken by this prominent figure standing boldly out upon its very threshold. Already she was learning to be interested in new people.

"He isn't a bit like a lawyer," she thought. "I fancied lawyers were always shabby old men, with blue bags. The men who used to come to Chelsea after papa were always nasty and disagreeable men, with papers about the Queen and Richard Roe."

Mr. Monckton looked thoughtfully down at the girl by his side. There was a vein of silent poetry, and there were dim glimpses of artistic feeling hidden somewhere in the nature of this man, very far below the hard business-like exterior which he presented to the world. He felt a quiet pleasure in looking at Eleanor's young beauty. It was her youthfulness, perhaps, her almost childlike innocence, which made her greatest charm. Her face was not that of a common beauty; her aquiline nose, gray eyes and firmly-moulded mouth had a certain air of queenliness very rarely to be seen; but the youth of the soul shining out of the clear eyes was visible in every glance, in every change of expression.

"Do you know much of Berkshire, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, presently.

"Oh, no, I have never been there."

"You are very young, and I daresay have never left home before?" Mr. Monckton said.

He was wondering that no relative or friend had accompanied the girl to the station.

"I have been at school," Eleanor answered; "but I have never been away from home before—to get my own living."

"I thought not. Your papa and mamma must be very sorry to lose you."

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Monckton, "that's strange."

Then, after a pause, in a low voice:

"I think the young lady you are going to will like you all the better for that."

"Why?" Eleanor asked, involuntarily.

"Because she has never known either father or mother."

"Poor girl!" murmured Eleanor; "they are both dead, then?"

The lawyer did not answer this question. He was so far professional, even in his conversation with Miss Vane, that he asked a great many more questions than he answered.

"Do you like going to Hazlewood, Miss Vincent?" he said, by-and-by, rather abruptly.

"Not very much."

"Why not?"

"Because I am leaving very dear friends to go to—"

"Strangers, who may ill-treat you, eh?" muttered Mr. Monckton. "You need have no apprehension of that sort of thing, I assure you, Miss Vincent."

Mrs. Darrell is rather rigid in her ideas of life; she has had her disappointments, poor soul, and you must be patient with her. But Laura Mason, the young lady who is to be your companion, is the gentlest and most affectionate girl in Christendom, I should think. She is a sort of ward of mine, and her future life is in my hands; a very heavy responsibility, Miss Vincent. She will have plenty of money by-and-by, houses, and horses, and carriages and servants, and all the outer paraphernalia of happiness, but Heaven knows if she will be happy, poor girl. She has never known either mother or father. She has lived with all manner of respectable matrons, who have promised to do a mother's duty to her, and have tried to do it, I dare say; but she has never had a mother, Miss Vincent. I am always sorry for her when I think of that."

The lawyer sighed heavily, and his thoughts seemed to wander away from the young lady in his charge. He still stood at the window, looking out at the bustle on the platform, but not seeing it, I think, and took no further notice of Eleanor until the bell rang for the starting of the train.

"Come, Miss Vincent," he said, rousing himself, suddenly, from his reverie; "I have forgotten all about your ticket. I'll put you into a carriage, and then send a porter for it."

Mr. Monckton scarcely spoke to his companion half a dozen times during the brief journey to Slough. He sat with a newspaper before him, but Eleanor noticed that he never turned its leaves, and once, when she caught a glimpse of the lawyer's face, she saw that it wore the same gloomy and abstracted expression that she had observed upon it as Mr. Monckton stood in the window of the waiting-room.

"He must be very fond of his ward," she thought, "or he could never be so very sorry because she has no mother. I thought lawyers were hard, cruel men, who cared for nothing in the world. I always used to fancy my sister Hortensia ought to have been a lawyer."

By-and-by, as they drew very near to the station, Mr. Monckton dropped his newspaper with another sigh, and turning to Eleanor, said, in a low, confidential voice:

"I hope you will be very good to Laura Mason, Miss Vincent. Remember that she stands quite alone in the world; and that however friendless, however desolate you may be—I say this because you tell me you are an orphan—you can never be so friendless or so desolate as she is."

(To be continued.)

An up-country editor pays his respects to newspaper borrowers thus: "May theirs be a life of single blessedness; may their paths be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights be haunted with knock-kneed tomatos."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WE wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

WHY is a thief called a jailbird? Because he has been a "robbin'."

WHEN the great American aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on its way up the river, under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck by the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked,

"This plant belongs to the cactus family, does it not, sir?"

"No, sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply of the straightforward attendant.

ONE of our correspondents says that a suit was recently brought before a magistrate in the city of Randolph; during its progress an Indian was brought forward to testify. His blank, expressionless face, and the general unmeaningness of his whole demeanor, gave rise to a serious doubt in the mind of the Court as to the admissibility of his testimony. Accordingly, he was asked what the consequences would be if he should tell a falsehood while under oath. The countenance of the Indian brightened a little as he replied, in a solemn tone,

"Well, if I tell a lie guess I be put in jail—great while maybe. Bimeby I die, and then I ketch it again!"

"GINGER!"

"Sah."

"When am dat race to come off, dat dar's so much talk 'bout?"

"What race? I habn't heard ob any great race."

"De human race."

"De what?"

"De human race is to come off 'forelong."

"Yah, yah, yah! You de biggest fool I ever saw. De human race! Dat 'aint a hoss race: de people in de world—de 'habits'."

"Wh told you dat?"

"I tellers knowed it. You's de mos' dumbest nigger I ever saw. I wish dat everybody had a h'ferlutin edicashun, so dat 'spectable gemmen ob color could pass along widout de molesteyation ob de common trash."

MISS MARTINEAU tells a story of an old woman, who was urged to cross the river Forth in a ferryboat at the time a storm was brewing. She hesitated; the boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I will na trust in Providence as lang as there is a bridge at Stirling!"

A COUNTRY paper says the best "sewing machine" in the world is one about 17 years old, who wears gaiter boots and a pocket to put her wages in.

AN imaginative Irishman gives utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and an echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClathery!'"

A JEWEL of a damsel, residing at New Haven, Conn., has furnished, under the signature of "Nona," a few stanzas expressive of the outgushing desires of her blessed little innocent heart. The following is an example. Hear the warbling:

"With the blue-sings I have, my wants are but three,
Most simple and definite—nothing that's wild;
I ask for no more than is needful to me—
A husband to love, a cottage and child."

DR. LAWSON's physician had the dreadful habit of profane swearing. Lawson consulted him once about his health. The physician, swearing, said:

"Sir, you are the slave of a bad habit, and you will not soon recover unless you give it up."

"And what is the habit?" said Lawson.

"Smoking," replied the other.

"Well," said Lawson, "I can abandon the pipe; but will you permit me to give you a hint, too, as to a vile habit of your own?"

"What is that?"

"I refer to your habit of profane swearing," replied the divine.

"True," said the doctor, "but that is not an expensive habit like yours."

"Ah, sir," said Lawson, "you will discover it to be a very expensive habit indeed when the account is handed to you."

COTTE, the publisher, drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Aloxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Aloxden pantry was empty, so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but as he let down the shafts the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge, abashed, gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called Wordsworth to assist; Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-ready Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever been got on. "La, master!" said the servant-girl, who was passing by, "you don't go the right way to work." And turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries.

A COUNTRY boy who had read of sailors heaving up anchors wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

THE flowers that breathe the sweetest perfume into our hearts bloom upon the rod with which Providence chastises us.

"SIR, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment."

"Ah, miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a bow?"

A WRITER on Natural history gives the following definition of a ram: "A ram is an animal whose butt is on the wrong end of him."

A NEW YORK joker asks, When is charity like a top? and answers: Generally, when it begins to hum.

AN old toper out West says the two most precious things now included in hoops are girls and kegs of whiskey.

"WHAT rifle carries the maximum distance?" asked a lady of an officer.

"The Minie, ma'am," was the reply.

A GREEN servant-girl was told by her mistress to wash her clothes and hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy O'Flanagan, having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned, leading a donkey.

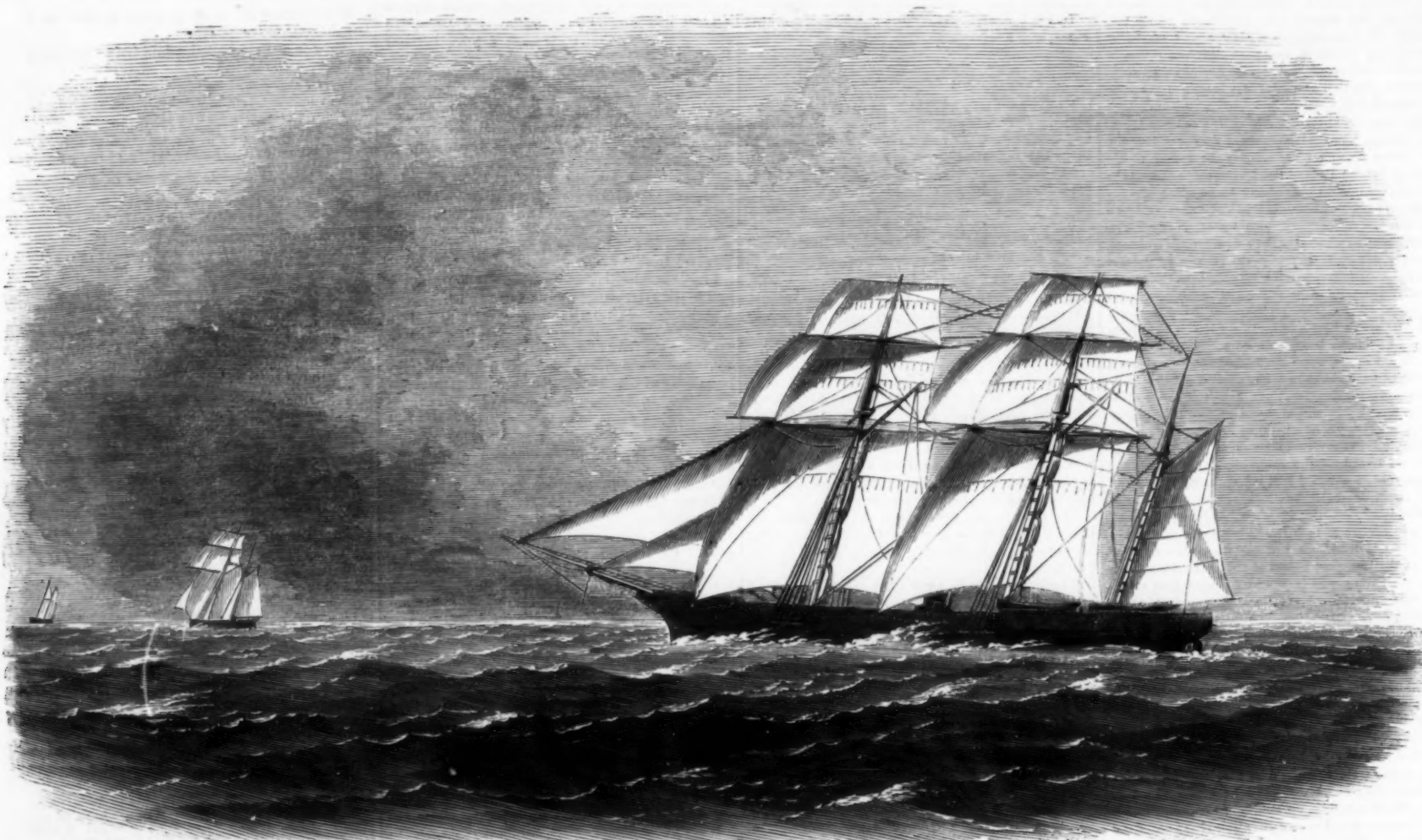
"What an arth," says the lady, "do you want that for?"

"Och, sure," cried Biddy, "I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey, and won't that do as well?"

THOSE who think they can save the Union by an immediate peace, could they have their way, would find the country not in peace, but in pieces.

EVERY other day the telegraph announces that the rebellion is just on the point of "caving in." Wouldn't it hasten matters a little just to stave it in?

A MAN out in Indiana got a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes. He concluded to let her slide.



THE REBEL PRIVATEER FLORIDA CHASING THE SCHOONER LAURA ANN, ABOUT 400 MILES WEST OF BERMUDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. WARN.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA AT SEA:

Admiral Wilkes Outwitted.

We are indebted to Capt. Warn, of the British schooner Laura Ann, for some interesting sketches of the doings of the piratical steamer at sea, and which have been forwarded to us by Mr. W. Lancaster, of St. George's, Bermuda. We have now only room for one of them, representing the Florida chasing the Laura Ann.

Capt. Warn says: That as he was on his way from London, with Government stores for the royal dockyard, March 13, he discerned a rakish-looking craft crowding all sail. On she came, like a thoroughbred old pirate. At last I saw the Stars and Bars flying at her main peak. As she was evidently pursuing me, I asked, by signal, what she wanted. The answer was, "I wish to communicate." I was soon boarded by a fine, active, intelligent-looking officer, dressed in uniform. He was very kind and courteous. He told

me the ship was the Confederate steamer Florida, Capt. Maffitt, on a cruise.

He reported their having sunk, a few days before, the Federal barque Star of Peace, of Boston, from Calcutta bound to New York. The crew of the Star of Peace, numbering 27 persons, were still on board the Florida, and Capt. Maffitt offered to make me a very handsome present if I would take the prisoners on board my vessel and land them in Bermuda; but I declined doing so. Suddenly the steamer lowered the Confederate flag and hoisted a British ensign, and one of my men came and informed me that there was another vessel in sight, which proved to be the American fore-and-aft schooner Aldabaron, of Brook Haven, which fell an easy prize to the Florida. I ran up alongside of the Florida, and asked Capt. Maffitt to give me the Aldabaron, when he again asked me if I would take his prisoners, and in such a manner as satisfied me he would give me the schooner if I complied with his wishes, but I could not do so under the circumstances. The prisoners now amounted to 40, two captains, five mates and 33 seamen. About this time a full-rigged ship appeared to windward, which

I think was an American, as I passed one on the previous day answering her description.

The Florida had a crew of 250 men, and it seemed that some of the Star of Peace's crew wished to join her. She looked very neat and clean, and in every way bore the appearance of a first-rate ship of war. The crew paid the greatest respect to her officers. The Aldabaron was a very pretty vessel, and full 200 tons burthen.

Capt. Warn says that the officers of the Florida told him that they were chased by Admiral Wilkes's flagship, the Vanderbilt, after leaving Barbados, but that, night coming on, they doubled on her, having first extinguished all their lights as a steamer and put up those of a sailing vessel, and under a press of sail was soon alongside of the Vanderbilt. The Vanderbilt hailed to know if they had passed a steamer. They replied yes, and that she was going at great speed. The Vanderbilt, without the least suspicion, kept on her course, and no doubt, by the dawn of the following day, discovered that the Confederate was nowhere in sight.

The Florida has been three times chased by United

States' ships-of-war, and has, on each occasion, escaped, captured and destroyed valuable ships belonging to Northern merchants. In leaving Mobile she was chased for nine hours by some of the blockading squadron, but finally ran out of view, and on her way destroyed a new Union brig on her first voyage. She was chased for nearly three days through the intricate Bahama passages by the Somers, and two days after she captured the East Indiaman Jacob Bell, and now the Vanderbilt placed her in a position to capture the Star of Peace, and one at least, if not two, other Union vessels.

MISS ANN DICKINSON.

This most charming of female Demosthenes belongs to a Quaker family, and is a native of Philadelphia. That her education has been most carefully conducted is evident from her philippics, which certainly are models of such fascinating invective that



THE ARMY OF GENERAL HOOKER CROSSING TO ENGAGE GENERAL LEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



MISS DICKINSON, O. PHIL. DELPHI, THE CELEBRATED POLITICAL ORATOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

no man of ordinary gallantry can possibly object to be the happy recipient. That we are not singular in this opinion is proved by an extract from the *Home Journal*, which bears indisputable marks of Mr. Willis's elegant pen. The sketch is so pleasant and so graphic that we venture to copy it:

"Miss Dickinson is a symmetrical young creature, every movement showing a well-knit frame, and her build and action altogether being just what would be picked out for a daring horsewoman. The Napoleonic mould of her jaw expresses the energy which is her leading characteristic. Her features are otherwise well chiselled, her forehead and upper lip of the Greek proportion, and her nostrils thin. The men would call her beautiful—the women would admit it with their usual reluctance—but we thought (ourselves) that she was a beauty, but for the look, a little too determined, of that strongly moulded jaw, though this would better hold the throat-latch to a helmet, and make her look more like a Semiramis in the field. She wore her hair with the adolescent cut of a young Hephaestion, had long sleeves and a high-necked dress, and, with the contralto fulness of her voice, seemed, in fact, more ready for masculine service than for the 'complying tenderness' of her sex."

"But how, under the delicacy of a girl of 18 could be gathered the strong wisdom which she poured forth so volubly that night was to us a wonder. As she walked up and down before the thousands in that hall she discussed topics so grave that they required rather

the scope and grasp of a Senator's mind or a historian's, and presented them to the enthusiastic crowd with a fluency that was wholly without hindrance. How, to such youthful lips, flowed so easily such stately language! How, over every gesture and every look, every turn of argument and every cadence of voice, reigned such absolute self-possession! How, amid the gracefulness of that virgin beauty, could accumulate the thunder to renounce McClellan, ex-ecrate traitors as she did Beauregard and Davis! Effortless and modest as it all was, it was too uncommon to seem natural. It was a woman in the exercise of an inspired gift."

"A lady friend, who met Miss Dickinson at a party at the house of Mr. C. Gould, tells us that the eloquent damsel there held a long and earnest conversation with Mr. Fremont, and that her manner in society is so tranquil and thoughtful as to inspire great respect. Her expression is absorbent and deferential, and she is much admired by the eminent men with whom she chances to converse. Mr. Fremont says that she reminds him very strongly of Rachel, the Frenchwoman of genius, and that her tones, particularly, are wonderfully like the great tragedian's. What is to be the destiny of such a 'Miss'? She has appeared now 43 times in public, and is to go on with what she knew, from childhood (she says), was to be her 'mission.' The advent of a Joan of Arc is prophesied, as we all know. But is it to be for this time and crisis, and is Miss Dickinson 'the woman' on whom the mantle has fallen?"



MAJOR-GENERAL BERRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, KILLED AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

GEN. BERRY.

HIRAM G. BERRY, who was killed on Saturday, May 23, at the battle of Chancellorsville, was a native of Maine, and a resident of Rockland for many years, where he engaged in the lumber trade, and realized a large fortune. Some years ago he was elected Mayor of that thriving little city, after which he was sent to the Maine Legislature, where he acquired considerable reputation for integrity and ability. Long before the present rebellion broke out he raised a body of Militia, called the Rockland Guard, which he commanded for many years.

When the President made his call for troops, this excellent company volunteered into the 4th Maine regiment, of which the subject of the present sketch was appointed Colonel.

This gallant regiment was in the battle of Bull Run. It also participated in the Seven Days struggle on the Chickahominy, where it formed a part of Gen. H. Fitzhugh's division. On March 17, 1862, he received his commission as Brigadier-General.

In August he went with his brigade to Warrenton Junction, from which point they marched to the Rappahannock. Here, forming a part of Kearny's division, he was engaged in the second Bull Run defeat, or battle of Manassas. It was here he was killed in the battle of Chantilly, where the brave Kearny was

killed. On the 13th December, at Fredericksburg Gen. Berry's brigade drove back a rebel division with such effect that Gen. Birney complimented them on the field.

In January, 1863, Gen. Berry was nominated by the President Major-General of Volunteers, and was then placed in command of the Second division of the Third army corps, under Gen. Sickles, and with that position has fallen at the head of his division in the gallant repulse of the whole rebel army of Gen. Lee, near Chancellorsville, at the beginning of May, 1863.

An exchange paper gives the following conversation between a hotel guest and a negro waiter:

GUEST—Well, Jim, why don't you join the army and fight the slaveholders?

JIM—Massa, did you eber see two dogs fightin' ober a bone?

GUEST—Yes; but what has that to do with it?

JIM—Why, don't you see, Massa? De bone nebber fight; de bone takes no part in de confli'. De Norf an' de Souf are de two dogs fightin'; we nigs are de bone. We take no part in de confli'.

"TOBY, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?"

"I don't know, mamma, but I guess they dried themselves."



SOUTHERN WOMEN HOUNDING THEIR MEN ON TO REBELLION.



SOUTHERN WOMEN FEELING THE EFFECTS OF REBELLION, AND CREATING BREAD RIOTS.

SOWING AND REAPING.

RESIGNATION.

I HEAR them tell of broken hearts
And Cheeks turned pale by Sorrow's shade.
As if, when Hope's bright tint departs,
Health's colors, too, were sure to fade;
Ah, no! when all is dark below
The eye will smile, the cheek will glow.

Yet let none say the loved and lost
Are mourned the less by those who give
No sign of what dark shades have crost
Their hearts, but on in patience live,
And trust, although life's sun hath set,
Some rays may gild its pathway yet.

Oh, no! though lost life's dearest charm,
Life's duties still remain to do,
For thee the heart should still keep warm,
The mind still to its course keep true;
And though the heart be darkened ground,
Peace soon shall shed its light around.

My Fault and its Punishment.

(Concluded from page 135.)

The blood coursed through my body. I had suddenly become endowed with giant's strength. I sprang to the door, undid the bolt, and threw it wide open. Laura was alone at this time of night, she was so muffled up in wraps and furs as to be hardly distinguishable. Poor child, she was a firm friend, but the secret weighed upon her, and she had grown fragile and pale as a slender lily. Heavens! was I killing her and murdering my child?

She pressed her little hand over her heart, and said:

"You gave me such a fright. Why didn't you open the door? I was afraid something had happened to you. Don't look so wild and awful."

Then she crossed over and kissed me.

"What have you to tell me?" said I, standing expressing no emotion, scarcely interest.

She answered—the words fell on my cold heart like burning drops of lead:

"Harry is dangerously ill—perhaps dying."

"Why did you call me back? I should have met him," I said, musingly.

"Geraldine, did you understand me?" cried Laura. "Have you no heart? I said Harry was dying. Have you ceased to care for your husband? It was the announcement of your death that overthrew his reason." She became excited. "You have killed him! Do you wish to see your victim?"

I grasped her thin hand so tightly that she screamed.

"Do you say I killed him?" I asked huskily.

And they came floods of tears, but they were a relief, they dissolved the ice around my heart, and the immobility that had chained my sense of feeling was gone.

"Yes, yes; I will go to him and nurse him back to life again. I will save him, and God will grant my prayers. I may expiate the wrong I have committed."

Together we two women went alone in the darkness of the night, the younger and frailer leading the stormy passion-tossed wanderer, weeping and humble to her deserted home—to the broken household, to him upon whom she had brought disgrace, agony, almost death.

The bushes in the courtyard looked like a silent ghostly guard, draped in dresses of snow. Through high drifts of snow we plunged, and stood, with bated breath, upon the balcony, staring at each other with mingled terror and compassion, for above the creaking of branches and moaning wind we heard the frightful shrieks of the delirious patient.

"Oh, may de good Lord save us if it ain't Miss Jenny!"

It was old Hetty that opened the door. She lived with Laura, and had been a slave in our family for years. She had nursed me when a child. Laura, an orphan, and I had grown up under her care, when our home was, in childhood, the sunny South. The Yanceys were an old Southern family.

"Oh, Miss Jenny, poor dear soul, come right upstairs now, de blessed Mars' Harry's clear outen his head and cullin' fur ye, nuff to melt de heart of a stun."

So I went, softly praying, up the stairs, and entered the sick room, dimly lighted, where the poor sufferer lay. He was quiet now, just sinking into a sleep, our entrance, soft as it was, awoke him, and he moaned:

"Oh, give her to me—I lost her. No; I drove her away with cruel words—and she will never come. I promised her old father that I would love his lamb, but I lied, for I cast her away from my bosom. I have waited so long. Oh, Geraldine, come!"

"Yes, dear love," I whispered, raining tears on his pale face and great red eyes, now lit with delirium.

"I heard an angel speak, but it had her voice. I shall find her soon," and he broke into a torrent of incoherency.

"Now you must come away, honey, you're makin' him wuss, and de doctor said he must git some sleep. You can see him in de mornin', and mebbe he'll know ye—an' ye're liker a ghost yerself, Miss Jenny, than anythin' else. I'll make yer a strong cup of green tea, honey, to settle yer nerves, an' ye'll take a little nap."

So poor Hetty led me unresisting and weak to the south room, and her great black hands smoothed the pillows of a couch, and bound an ice-cold cloth around my throbbing temples, soothing me as tenderly as a loving mother.

"Tell me about my child—my little Florence," I wailed.

"There ye be agin—frettin' yer heart out. I ha'n't a goin' to give in to yer. She ha'n't very well, and she's visitin' with the doctor's folks. Now go to sleep, chile, an' ye'll see him to-morrer."

I tried to murmur a prayer, but before it was half finished gentle sleep came from the Land of Shadows and spread her silver veil over my tearful eyes.

Dr. Earle came in the morning; he was an old and tried family friend, and a distant relative of Harry. He found his patient better, but very, very weak, and the delirium banished. Old Hetty, indefatigable nurse, had punctually and carefully administered the medicine left during the night, and the effect desired was produced.

"I dreamed of her last night, doctor; I shall see her soon, old friend," said Harry, with a bright smile.

"Don't be in a hurry to leave us," answered the doctor, cheerily. "You may have more to live for now than you think. What would little Florrie do without a father?"

"Or a mother?" said Harry.

"Cheer up, my boy, I've heard something reliable about her—the newspaper was false."

Henry sprang up but fell with weakness. "Oh, doctor, you cannot trifle with me. I implore you tell me what you mean."

"She is living."

"My God, I thank thee; then I shall see her."

"Hurry up and get well, and I'll answer for the rest; but you must keep perfectly quiet, and refrain from all excitement."

"Old Hetty and gruel is great excitement," grumbled the poor patient.

The doctor's heavy boots were approaching the door—he was about to leave—so I stole back to the south room, shivering, with noiseless bare feet.

When the doctor came in, I was lying with closed eyes. He left a slight stimulant, quieted my fears about Florence, and soon withdrew.

Then I knelt and wept for very thankfulness. On my knees I thanked the Holy One for restoring me again to my treasures, and prayed that the dark angel Azrael might pass over our stricken house and enter not.

A hot hand was laid upon my head—my face was buried in the pillows, and I did not look up—some one knelt beside me, it could not be Hetty, and Laura was at her own home. Ah! who asked so pertinently for forgiveness, and invoked a blessing upon our second union?

"My poor darling, we will never part again, my heart told me you were near me," and I was clasped to my husband's heart never more to part.

Need I tell how rapidly the strong new life poured into his veins, and how soon good Dr. Earle discontinued his professional visits and recommended a more strengthening diet than gruel?

Permission to take morning rides was given, and during the very first one we decided to visit our little child and bring her home if she could bear the removal. We stopped at the doctor's house. He was at home, and led us silently to a darkened chamber draped in white. The doctor was the godfather of little Florrie, and was very fond of her. Our darling lay tossing upon a little gilded bed with coverlets of pink silk. A nurse was trying to administer some cooling draught. All the golden curls had been cut from the poor little head, which was disfigured by cruel blisters; the lace-trimmed night-dress was stained with a ruby stream that flowed from behind her waxen ear, where leeches had been applied. Oh, my poor baby—she was sweetly murmuring, "Kiss me more, mamma—good-bye," as she had bidden me farewell on that night when I left her vainly seeking pleasure! She had been sick and delicate ever since, wanting a tender mother's care, and a heavy cold had resulted in brain fever. My heart was bursting, when Dr. Earle silently handed me a small parcel tied with blue ribbon—it contained eight little, soft, bright curls.

She was spared; Azrael had passed and entered not. The doctor brought our darling home; he had a grave, apprehensive look.

Alas! she can never know me more; my child is, and is not. For hours she sits in her little chair and looks blankly into my yearning eyes. I can never awake a spark of reason, no gleam of intelligence ever lights the childish face, all is darkness, a dull, expressionless stare—lipping meaningless words. Baby Florence is an idiot! A heavy chastening hand has laid upon me a lifelong grief—the world knows me no more.

My husband strives to cheer me with his tender love, uttering never a word of reproach, and I, by rigid devotion, try to atone for my sin and bear its terrible punishment!

DAYS OF MOSES.

THE English Government have long been in possession of the Arundellian and Parian marbles, which contain inscriptions upon them of the principal events in Grecian, and particularly in Athenian history, going back to a very early period; but their authenticity has been called in question. There are also to be found in the British Museum many specimens of hieroglyphics, but none of a written composition where letters are used of an earlier period than that of the inscription on King Assuanzer's sarcophagus. Mr. Salt, a learned traveller and antiquarian, made some discoveries which establish the fact that the phonetic characters were in use in Egypt more than 700 years before the Christian era, and that phonetic symbols can be traced back 1,500 and 1,600 years before Christ, thus showing that they were known during the days of Moses; but whether or not these characters were used by him in writing the Pentateuch is beyond the reach of proof. Indeed many sceptical writers would have the world believe that the great lawgiver did not write these books himself, but that they were compiled by Ezra long after the death of the former. To settle this question the ten commandments and the laws were presented to the Jews for their government while on their march from Egypt to the promised land.

Their endeavor, also, to establish the falsity of the Mosiac account of the creation of the world, is alike unworthy of attention. They allege that it is here the father of history, Herodotus, who visited Egypt 450 years before the Christian era, came, and that the

priests, who were the most learned men in that country, informed him that that kingdom had then existed for upward of 20,000 years. But let it be recollected that Moses was educated for the duties of the priesthood himself, and could, and doubtless did, as a disciple of this order, attain a knowledge of all the arts and learning which this privileged class carefully conferred on their followers, and therefore his statement is much more reliable than the traditional account of Herodotus, obtained from the priests upwards of 11 centuries after the time of Moses. His historical account of Egypt would have received no favor among the Jews had he recorded it incorrectly, as it must have been well known at the period wherein he wrote to all the inhabitants. Plato relates that during the reign of King Thamus of Egypt, his secretary, Thoth, laid before him the invention of letters, which he had discovered, of the alphabet; but the king, who was apprehensive that if they were introduced hieroglyphics would be superseded, therefore objected to their being used during his reign.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "Every one must rejoice that the Queen has taken her first step towards resumption of her public and ceremonial duties, in receiving the Corporation addresses the other day. I am glad to hear that she has also set for her photograph, for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, out of her widow's cap. Court anecdotes being the order of the day, I may mention an amusing one now in circulation, to explain the appearance in St. George's Chapel of the little son of the Prince of Prussia in a Highland dress. It seems the little fellow was to have figured in a miniature Prussian uniform, but that his uncle, Prince Arthur and Leopold, not satisfied that their junior should be rigged out in so manly a style, took the opportunity, when the attendants' backs were turned, of cutting off the tails of their little nephew's tunic; whereupon it became necessary to find him a costume on the spur of the moment, and one of Prince Leopold's Highland suits was pitched upon. I tell this tale as it was told to me. Another story is afloat of the honor paid by Prince Alfred's brother middies to their royal messmate, apropos of his election as King of Greece. Hearing a great row in the young gentleman's berth, on board the Royal George, the captain, on inquiring the cause, found the mess had determined to crown the Prince. So they had got the ship's carpenter, or armorer, to make a tin crown with which the Prince was solemnly invested, a purser's dip being first stuck on each point of the circle, and lighted—a very fitting coronation for a monarch of Greece."

NAPOLEON AND KNAVISH COMMISSARIES.—Just before the great battle of Wagram, while the army was encamped on the Island of Lobau, near Vienna, Napoleon, walking one day with one of his Marshals on the shore, passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said he, "I hope you find the wine good." "It will not make us drunk," said one; "there is our cellar," pointing to the River Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and made an immediate inquiry. He found that 40,000 bottles, sent by him a few days before for the army, had been purloined and were unaccounted for by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial and condemned to be shot, which sentence was speedily carried into execution. Here was a venal offence, insignificant, indeed, when compared with the frauds upon the urgent wants and necessities of our soldiers recently brought to light, but it received a severe and merited punishment. A few such examples in our army would do a world of good.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

THE man who beats the drum for the "March of Time," has gone to play on the "Horn of Plenty."

WHY is a legislator a most blasphemous man? Because he cannot take his seat without an oath.

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